The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Senate Democrats, with all their shortcomings, with all their backing and filling, have found their last ditch in the free-wool paragraph. Wool is to go on the free list if the tariff bill passes at all. To recede from this position would bring the whole measure into boundless contempt. The effect would be worse if possible than the surrender to the Sugar Trust, because the party has been denouncing the wool duties for fifteen years and vowing to repeal them whenever it should have the power to do so. To compromise now, or to come short of repeal, would be self-stultification so open, so disgraceful, so indefensible, that the party would not have a rag of defence left. It is part of the Democratic creed that duties on wool are a damage to the wool-grower himself, and that is the truth, as the statistics of the industry show. It is free wool, therefore, or no bill. The country will have a chance for about four years to see which policy is the better one for grower and manufacturer, and when the result is before us we shall all be wiser.

It has been left for a Populist in the United States Senate to enunciate true Democratic doctrine on the tariff. The speech delivered by Mr. Kyle of South Dakota last week was in the main a most sensible deliverance, and his position is in very refreshing contrast with that of the protectionists who have been masquerading as tariff-reformers until the matter finally came to an issue. Mr. Kyle represents a sheep-raising State, but he declared that he was not afraid of free wool, and he insisted that South Dakota could produce wool as cheaply as Australia or South America. Senator Hawley of Connecticut tried one of the familiar protectionist dodges by asking if it made no difference to Mr. Kyle whether the woollen goods used by his constituents were made in this country or in Europe. But the South Dakota Senator answered this very neatly by reminding his Connecticut colleague that the manufacturers of New England felt so little interest in the question of nationalities that they had practically driven out the American operatives in their mills and filled their places with imported foreigners, so that a visitor to a New England manufacturing town could walk for a dozen blocks there without hearing the English language spoken. One feels like forgiving a good deal of folly to a Populist when he can talk such good sense as this on a vital issue.

The following gem from Mr. Havemeyer's testimony before the Senate committee which is examining the Sugar Trust, we take from the *Tribune*:

> "In fact," said Senator Allen, "the very purpose of the formation of the Trust, as I understand you, was to advance the price of sugar to the American consumer?"
>
> "Yes, sir," was the frank response.
>
> "And the American consumer is to-day paying three-eighths of a cent a pound on refined sugars more than he would be compelled to pay under a system of free (or separate) refineries?"
>
> "Yes, sir."

It was practically conceded in the McKinley bill that as regards sugar the tariff is a tax, and that the consumer pays it. As to all or most other things, such as wool, tin plate, pearl buttons, lumber, steel rails, etc., the opposite rule prevails; that is, the tariff is not a tax, or, if it is, the foreigner pays it. The reason why a different rule prevails as to sugar, it is not easy to show, following the principles of Aristotle's logic, and for this reason it has been only half accepted by the Republican party. But Mr. Havemeyer has really shattered their doll baby. He has knocked out the sawdust so completely that they can never believe in it again. Some of them may even ask themselves whether the same reasoning does not apply to wool as to sugar.

The anti-option bill has come around again. It proceeds on the assumption that a great many sales of wheat, cotton, etc., are made without any corresponding purchases, and that the excess of sales over purchases causes a decline in the market prices of these articles. A similar idea took possession of Congress once during the war. It was conceived that sales of greenbacks for future delivery, or purchases of gold (which were the same thing), caused the decline in the value of greenbacks. So a bill was passed prohibiting all trading in gold and greenbacks unless it were accompanied by the immediate manual delivery of the things, and unless it were done at the private offices of traders—there must be no trading at an exchange or common meeting-place. The result of this sapient law was that the gold quotation, which had hitherto risen only by small degrees, now began to advance by leaps and bounds. Within a few days Congress became so alarmed at the consequences that it repealed this anti-option bill without debate. Then gold went back to its former price, or something near it. There were no more anti-option bills during the war. The fate of the pending bill may be safely predicted.

The statement transmitted to Congress by the director of the mint deserves the careful attention of those silverites who have been claiming that the production of gold could not keep pace with the demand for the metal. Mr. Preston estimates the yield of gold mines in the United States during 1893 at $35,955,000, as compared with $33,014,981 in 1892. This country still holds the first place in the list of gold-producing nations, but the output in the rest of the world last year was the largest in history. The total production in 1893 was about one-sixth larger than the annual average of the period of the greatest productiveness of the California and Australian mines, and the value of the gold available for monetary purposes last year was greater than the total value of both gold and silver available for such purposes in the period just preceding the depreciation of silver. The director of the mint expects an increase of the gold output this year over the record for 1893, and his opinion is sustained by the multiplying reports in the Western press of the opening of new gold mines, and larger production from old ones. The theory that there is not going to be gold enough to "go around" for the world's business seems to be effectually disposed of.

There has been so little for civil-service-reformers to rejoice over of late that an unexpected sign of progress in the Treasury Department will be the more warmly welcomed. Secretary Carlisle has just taken from collectors of customs, who are purely political officials, the authority to nominate persons for appointment as keepers and assistant keepers of lighthouses, and given it to the inspectors of the several lighthouse districts, who are naval officers. This action, according to Capt. Evans, naval secretary of the Lighthouse Board, "absolutely takes the lighthouse service out of politics," as the inspectors will recommend only fit and proper persons for keepers and assistant keepers, regardless of political pressure. The lighthouse service will thus take its place alongside of the life-saving service, which has always been kept out of politics. In other words, it is now accepted as settled that civil-service reform is good for people who have been wrecked or are in danger of that fate. Some day it may be considered reasonable to allow people who stay on land the same assurance of efficient service.

Looking back over the six weeks' soft-coal strike in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, now practically ended, one truth stands out conspicuously—the disastrous effects of bad leadership. Laboring men are proving the economists to be correct in magnifying the import-

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ance of the manager in all large enterprises. A man who can win success for a corporation is worthy of a large share in the common rewards. It is rare to find among the trades-union leaders that executive ability which takes particular note of general trade conditions as well as of local requirements. The conspicuous lack in the labor combinations from a business point of view is good leadership. Workingmen could better afford to pay some real leader—who need not be a laboring man—a large salary than go on strike for six weeks and face starvation, only to find defeat inevitable at the end.

The strike has revived the feeling in favor of further restrictions upon immigration. Nine-tenths of the trouble has come from men of foreign birth, and usually of the lowest European races. There was a noteworthy case in Illinois where fire broke out in a mine after the strike, and a vote was taken among the strikers as to whether they would allow efforts to stop its progress. The American-born miners favored saving the property, while the-foreign-born forbade it and carried their point, being in a large majority. There seems to be a considerable sentiment in favor of restrictive legislation among the more intelligent men of alien birth in this country, especially as the diminished immigration which we now receive comes very largely from the most ignorant and debased regions of Europe. But the politicians are very shy of the subject. A proposition to put a restrictive plank in the platform of the Kansas Republican State convention was brought before the committee for discussion, and received some support, but the majority feared that it might offend the "foreign vote," and decided against its insertion.

We hope the public, in view of the revelations going on before the Lexow committee, will not overlook the extent to which guilty knowledge of this state of things must have prevailed. Take Gilroy's case, for example. He professes great horror and astonishment over the corruption of the police which has been laid bare; but does any rational man suppose that, considering he was living in the closest intimacy with "Barney" Martin, who was indicted for bribery just before he appointed him a deputy commissioner of public works, Gilroy knew nothing of what "Jimmy" was up to on the Police Board? The commissioners had for years been selling everything they could lay their hands on; and everybody connected, either nearly or remotely, with politics must have known of it in a general way, but Gilroy undoubtedly knew the details. The poison ran through nearly the whole community. Take the press for example. The police advertising, which is reported to be worth $20,000 a year, has been used always as an instrument of corruption. Elliott Shepard undoubtedly had reason for believing that the commissioners were purchasable when he suggested to his agent to get the advertising from them at a discount of $5,000. In fact, he pronounced them "weak," and said they would "yield easily." We do not wish to make too much of the *Tribune's* present of wine to Commissioner McClave. It is not unnatural that a newspaper should make a present of wine to a good advertiser. But the trouble here was that the advertising was not McClave's to give; and when wine was sent him every Christmas, it was undoubtedly in the belief that it would affect his discharge of a public duty. In truth, the greatest curse of having Tammany in all the public offices has been that it has compelled everybody who wanted anything, however rightful or harmless, from the government of the city to pay for it in cash or its equivalent. The government in fact became a huge market, in which the officers might well have sat at little tables and sold their wares openly. Two years ago there was a widespread belief that this state of things would go on indefinitely. Apologists for Tammany began to appear in every direction, and if Croker had not chosen to make such an open display of his wealth, it would probably have lasted a few years longer.

Now that the Wiman trial is over, it is difficult to see why the accused made any defence. In fact, there was no defence to make. The only plausible explanation of his course is that he forgot the letters of confession he had written to Mr. Dun, or thought they had been destroyed. It would have been far wiser if he had acknowledged technical guilt, pleaded extenuating circumstances, of which there are some, and thrown himself on the mercy of the court and the prosecutors. The result of attempting to meet such a charge and such proof in the way it was met, was to drive Mr. Wiman's counsel into subterfuges and equivocations and fallacies which we feel quite sure they will in calmer moments regret. General Tracy's objection to the production by Mr. Dun of Mr. Wiman's letter of confession as a violation of confidence, which Judge Ingraham so hastily and properly brushed aside, can hardly have been seriously meant. And was it wise for a gentleman of Mr. Tracy's standing to dwell on the "slender thread" by which many eminent citizens have been saved from the State prison, as a reason why an eminent citizen should not be convicted on the clearest proof? Is it not certain that the lesson the young business men of the country will draw from this is that the main thing is not so much to be honest as not to be found out, and that if a man gets "involved," whatever he does to escape is excusable? And what on earth had the Beecher letters to do with the Wiman letters? Beecher never confessed guilt. He wrote letters on which his enemies put an unfavorable construction, but he never said, "I committed the offence; I am very sorry, and I beg your pardon." And what is to be said of the suggestion that the result of the trial might be that Mr. Dun, like Tilton, would become an exile, despised of men and a wanderer in foreign lands? Surely this is advocacy gone mad.

Without attempting to weigh too nicely the utterances of counsel pleading for a man's fortune and honor, it seems to us it is going a little too far to say, when the offence cannot be denied, that it is no great offence, after all. At this point the public has rights which cannot be overlooked. Counsel may say a man did not forge, or that he forged under stress of circumstances and deserves pity, but he ought not to tell us that forgery is not much of a crime if the man is hard pushed, and that many of our prominent men when in "a tight place" have felt it necessary to resort to it. What Mr. Dun is to blame for is for not paying more attention to his affairs after he found out that Mr. Wiman was loose in money matters and needed to be put under restrictions. He allowed him to enforce his own restrictions, and left the business generally in such a condition that Wiman, who was already under suspicion, was able to carry overdrafts of more than $100,000 for over a year without having it known.

The country has incurred a serious loss in the death of William Walter Phelps. The most notable feature of his career was the deep and laborious interest which he, a man of great wealth, always took in public affairs. Inheriting his estate, it would have been nothing unusual had he devoted his money to selfish purposes and his time to his own pleasure. It seemed to come natural, however, to Mr. Phelps to interest himself in all matters which concerned the public welfare. The thousands of dollars which he spent on the roads and parks in his private grounds were really a gift to the public, since all these roads and grounds are as free as those of Central Park. He regarded all the offices which he held as places of trust, and was as assiduous in studying the questions which came up in Congress when he was a member as is any student in preparing himself for a college examination. He always felt, too, that it was the duty of every good citizen to accept an office which he was capable of filling if it was offered to him. This was the secret of his acceptance last year of a judgeship in the Court

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of Errors in New Jersey. Gov. Werts, wishing to rid that court of the incubus of laymen which his predecessors had put upon it, asked Mr. Phelps to accept an appointment, because in doing so he would assist the Governor in emphasizing the propriety of selecting judges both without regard to partisanship and with regard to legal ability. It was this consideration, and not any mere desire to add a judgeship to his other titles, that induced Mr. Phelps to accept the appointment. In a national campaign in which his sympathies were thoroughly enlisted, he was a partisan of partisans, but so thoroughly had he won the friendship of the people of his county that he was always certain of a majority of their votes when himself a candidate.

It seems likely that Massachusetts will make a trial of the Norwegian liquor system. A bill allowing the experiment to be made was passed by the House some weeks ago, and the Senate concurred on Friday, while the Governor is understood to favor the policy. As amended, the measure simply gives permission to apply the system in such cities and towns as have voted to license the sale of liquor two successive years, so that only about thirty places in the State come within its scope, and a special vote must be taken on the question before it can be introduced in one of these. The extreme prohibitionists and the liquor-dealers will doubtless continue their present opposition in such local contests; but public sentiment is so strongly in favor of seeing how it will work that it is sure of a trial in more than one municipality. The results will be watched with no less interest outside of the State than by Massachusetts people.

The late Sultan of Morocco made, probably in deference to European ideas, the greatest mistake of his life in not killing his brothers according to the time-honored Oriental practice. The Sultan's crown under the Mussulman law descends to the eldest male of the family, who, on the death of the reigning sovereign, would naturally be one of his brothers, if he had any; his son would thus be shut out. To prevent this *contretemps*, it was in old times, and, in fact, down to comparatively recent times, the custom either to kill the brothers or to put out their eyes. Muley Hassan, the late Sultan, neglected this wholesome custom, and left the crown to his son, with regents to assist him during the first five years of his reign. But the brother Muley Ismail has claimed it, and has taken the field in assertion of his claim, and, as he has been long prominent in Moroccan affairs, he will probably have a strong following and give Muley Abdul Aziz a great deal of trouble unless the European powers interfere. The European residents are, however, very anxious that there should be no interference until they can get away, as it would probably lead to the massacre and plunder of foreigners if the Mohammedans got excited against the infidels.

The world is so well used to disputes between England and France, in which much ink is shed and defiances exchanged, but which end peacefully enough, that it is hard to take such quarrels very seriously. Still, though the present one will probably terminate, like so many others, in a compromise and a treaty, there are several reasons which make it more than commonly dangerous. The prize at stake is larger than usual; and though it is perfectly possible to divide on paper the immense regions between Lake Chad and the Nile, it will be very difficult to reconcile France's ambition to reach the Nile from the west and England's to stretch to Lake Chad from the east. More important, however, is the fact that this cause of contention is but one of several, while some of those settled in the past have left behind them seeds of ill will. The various partition treaties in Africa have not given, and could not give, complete satisfaction to either party; the problem of the Newfoundland fisheries is no nearer solution than ever; the dangerous Egyptian question, which has made bad blood for many years, is mixed up withthe present dispute; and only a few months ago the French treatment of Siam excited much anger on both sides of the Chan nel, and expressions of dislike not yet forgotten. We may have more Siamese trouble at any moment, and now the death of the Sultan of Morocco opens up new possibilities of a conflict of rival ambitions.

Still another disquieting element is the situation of the two countries to-day. France is in a better position for a quarrel with Great Britain than she has been since 1870. Not only is she in fine military condition, but almost for the first time since the Franco-Prussian war she can feel free to turn her attention elsewhere without the certainty of Continental complications as soon as she has begun. Italy, though involved in the African dispute, is not strong enough to take active part without German assistance, which she is unlikely to have. The Germans do not love England, who has steadily refused to commit herself to the Triple Alliance; they are in a bad temper about the covetousness of New Zealand for Samoa; they are not pleased with the Anglo-Belgian treaty which has caused the present trouble, and above all they are not going to run terrible risks for the sake of others, if the Czar gives them to understand that meddling on their part would mean a general conflagration, as there is plenty of reason for thinking that in case of need he would. As for the British Government, though apt to be peaceably inclined in its dealings with great powers, it is less to be trusted than usual. Altogether, while it would be too hasty to jump to the conclusion that the peace of the world is seriously imperilled, there is good ground for watching anxiously the developments of the latest international falling out.

The cable announcement that the Hungarian upper house may reject the civil-marriage bill once more is not likely to prove correct, as it is now within the power of Dr. Wekerle to break the spirit of the Opposition by the creation of as many new life peers as may be necessary in order to secure a majority for the bill. The timid protest of Count Zichy against the coercion of the House of Magnates will avail as little as the defiant interpellations of Herr Ugron, the leader of the Ultramontanes in the lower house. The magnitude of Dr. Wekerle's triumph is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of any European country, for in every constitutional monarchy the right of the sovereign to object to the retention of a minister obnoxious to him on personal grounds has hitherto always been respected. And yet the Hungarian premier insisted upon the retention of Herr Szilágyi, the minister of justice, after Francis Joseph had declared to the president of the House of Deputies, Baron Banffy, that he would under no circumstances allow Herr Szilágyi to become a member of the new cabinet.

Many influential members of the Hungarian Liberal party, as well as the leading organs of the Liberals of Cisleithania, whose sympathies were altogether with the Hungarian ministry, advised Dr. Wekerle to drop Herr Szilágyi, but he remained inflexible. Szilágyi, more than any other man, had been the creator of the civil-marriage bill, had defended it with matchless eloquence in the parliamentary debates, and had been designated by the premier to carry to their logical conclusion the ecclesiastical reforms upon which he has set his heart. He had somewhat unjustly incurred the suspicion of radicalism, owing to some unguarded expressions, in the heat of debate, during the national demonstrations over Kossuth's obsequies. The King has now endeared himself more than ever to the Hungarians by his loyalty to the constitution, especially since, as a faithful son of the Church, it went hard with him to disregard the express wishes of the Pope on the subject of the civil-marriage bill.

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SUGAR IN POLITICS.

THE testimony of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer before the Senate committee touching his relations and those of the Sugar Trust to politics resembles that of the late Jay Gould on a similar occasion. Mr. Gould was asked on what principles he made his contributions to political parties in the State of New York. He replied that in a Republican county he was a Republican, in a Democratic county he was a Democrat, and in a doubtful county he was doubtful, but he was always an Erie Railroad man. Mr. Havemeyer acknowledged that he had contributed to both the Democratic and the Republican State campaign funds. He did not acknowledge any contributions to national-committee funds, nor did he deny such contributions. He said it was customary to make such contributions—it had been customary before the Trust was formed and since. When asked why it was customary, he said:

"We have large interests in this State, police protection and fire protection. We need everything that the city furnishes and gives, and we have to support these things. Every individual and corporation, and firm, Trust or whatever you call it, does these things, and we do them."

This statement was followed by another question and answer, viz.:

"Senator Allen—And you contribute to both parties with the expectation that, whichever party succeeds, your interests are well guarded?

"Mr. Havemeyer—We have a good deal of protection for our contributions. Contributions were also given to the Republican party in Massachusetts. It is my impression that wherever there is a dominant party, wherever the majority is very large, that is the party that gets the contribution, because that is the party which controls the local matters."

It will be gratifying news to the politicians of both parties to know that they can rely on contributions from "every individual and corporation and firm, Trust or whatever you call it," whether belonging to their own party or not. It would have been the greatest possible boon to the late John J. O'Brien if he had been at liberty to call on Democrats as well as Republicans for contributions of this kind, on the ground that police protection and fire protection were furnished by the two parties in their separate character as political organizations, and not in their joint capacity as members of a common government. The question will naturally arise what becomes of those individuals, firms, corporations, Trusts, etc., that restrict their contributions to only one party, and especially of those who contribute to no party—for we believe, in spite of Mr. Havemeyer's superior knowledge, that some of them absolutely refuse to make any contributions whatever. Do these stand in greater danger from burglary and conflagration than others? If they do, the subject is one which calls for the early attention of the Constitutional Convention.

It is evident that Mr. Havemeyer meant that such campaign contributions are made by persons or corporations which depend more or less upon *legislation for their profits*, not that they are made by everybody who has a warehouse or shop exposed to burglary or fire. At all events, we know, and the public knows, that all business men and concerns, except the smallest fraction, contribute nothing to campaign funds except to the party to which they are attached and whose principles they desire to promote. The idea of contributing to both parties never occurs to them unless they expect to get something besides police and fire protection. If they expect tariff protection also, they may in a few rare instances contribute to both, but generally they will contribute only to the party that believes in tariff protection and makes it a part of its creed. In a case like that of the Sugar Trust, where the amount at stake is very large, we might expect to see an anchor thrown to windward in the form of a contribution to the Democratic party. This is on the principle of speaking the devil fair because you don't know into whose hands you may fall.

Messrs. Havemeyer and Searles refuse to make a full exhibit of their campaign contributions. They restrict themselves to saying that they contribute to both parties, and that they contribute only to State campaigns, not national ones. This does not mean that they refuse to contribute in years when national elections are held, but that they pay their money to the State committees instead of the national committees. In New York, for example, they would pay to Tammany Hall or to Chairman Hackett, but would never furnish a dollar to the national committees of either party. They would confidently rely on the State committees to see that no part of the money aided in the election of Congressmen or President, although the election for State officers took place the same day and on the same ticket. If this is really what is meant by the discrimination they make between national and local politics, they betray a simplicity in worldly things which must have charmed the Tammany committee on organization two years ago, and Quay and Wanamaker at an earlier period.

Another point brought out by Senator Allen is worth the whole cost of the investigation. It is embraced in the following brief colloquy:

"Mr. Havemeyer—The American Sugar Refining Company has no politics of any kind.

"Senator Allen—Only the politics of business?

"Mr. Havemeyer—Only the politics of business."

This means that the company would as soon buy one party as the other, and the context shows that it is in the habit of doing so. The *Tribune*, we observe, does not relish this kind of testimony. It wants Mr. Havemeyer to say that he buys the Democrats (locally) oftener than he does the Republicans, or that he pays more for them. For this reason the *Tribune* regrets that Mr. Havemeyer does not show his books. "We wish," says this candid paper, "that the committee might have insisted upon having the books produced and the facts disclosed in detail. If this had been done, it would have appeared that there was a large balance of Trust money, we are confident, to be charged against the Democratic party, independently of the private subscriptions made by the refiners towards Mr. Cleveland's reëlection." Then it quotes Mr. Chauncey Depew, whose face has always been set against the corrupt use of money in politics, as saying boldly that the Republican party would meet the Democrats more than half way in any legislation which would stop abuses in the raising and distribution of money by campaign committees. We should be pleased to see Mr. Depew and Gov. Flower measuring the distance between themselves, so that neither one should gain any moral advantage by going more than half way.

The remedy proposed by the *Tribune* for all these evils, however, does not go far enough. "If it could be shown," it says, "that both political parties have been equally at fault in receiving financial aid from a powerful Trust which is dependent to a large degree upon tariff legislation, the strongest possible argument would be supplied for a radical reform of methods in conducting national and congressional campaigns. That would be a movement in the right direction, and it would have the *Tribune's* heartiest approval." Would it not be better to cut off the source of the contributions instead of trying vainly to control the disbursements? The payment of money by the Trust, or any other protected interest, to either or both parties, is simply corrupting the people with their own money. We fix a tariff to enable certain persons to pocket $20,000,000 in three years on a capital of $50,000,000 (largely water), and when they pay about 1 per cent. of this sum to politicians for a continuance of the favor, we say that really the laws ought to be changed so as to prevent the wicked politicians from taking the money. Would it not be wiser to take away from the other people all motive for paying it?

WHAT IT HAS ALL COME TO.

WE should like to ask any sincere and well-intentioned tariff man whether he could hope, in the existing condition of human nature, for a more complete experiment in protection than we have had in this country. We have had thirty years of rule by a protectionist party, which made such alterations in the tariff, twenty-five in all, as it thought

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proper, and ended in the highest as well as most carefully studied tariff ever invented by civilized man. Could the system be tried under more favorable conditions than these? Is it likely that it ever will be tried under conditions half so favorable in any civilized country? It must be remembered, too, that in order to be really successful in the highest sense of the term, a tariff must produce such plain and unquestionable prosperity as to make the great bulk of the people love it and cling to it. It must not depend on what the newspapers or the lecturers or stump orators say, for its utility. It must commend itself to the public beyond peradventure as the greatest cause of industrial activity and success. People must not only say, "How happy we are," but "How happy our tariff has made us."

Now let us see where our thirty years of tariff have left us. In that time, so far from the whole community being won over to protection, a large and powerful party has risen up against it, and succeeded twice in electing a low-tariff or free-trade President and Congress, both pledged to getting rid of the protective system, and has filled the land with denunciations of this system, both in principle and practice.

But if it has not succeeded in winning over the people to its support, perhaps it has done something to purify political life and bring the most intelligent men of the country to the work of administering the government. On the contrary, it has supplied us with a Senate which does not contain a single really eminent man, which is largely composed of millionaires revelling in fortunes of dubious origin, who have had within a fortnight to submit to the immense humiliation of an individual examination as to whether they have not been speculating in the Stock Exchange on their own legislation. In fact, were we to judge of the tariff by the condition of Congress, we should say it had driven most really distinguished men out of public life.

But perhaps if it has not purified politics, it has improved the condition of the laborer by increasing his wages and attaching him to the industrial system which the tariff fosters. By no means. It has, on the contrary, filled the mines and factories with hundreds of thousands of half-civilized foreigners drawn from the lowest races of Europe, who live in a state of savage and chronic discontent, are not only bitterly hostile to their employers but to the social organization which shelters them, and fill the land, month by month, with strikes, riots, murders, arsons, boycotts, train robberies, obstruction of highways, and defiance of the constituted authorities.

Well, if it has not contented the laboring class, perhaps it has reconciled the farmers, who are, after all, the bone and sinew of the country, to the protective system, by showing them the factory beside the farm, and the operative consuming greedily at high prices their garden-truck and hogs and hominy and wheat. Nothing of the sort, again. The farmers throughout the West and South not only are full of exasperation against the people who lend them money and build railroads for them, but have abandoned the American theory of government wholly, and taken up the modern European or paternal one, which expects the Government to find a market for the producer, in which prices will be high for those who sell and low for those who buy, and to provide them with cheap money of high purchasing power—in other words, money which will be easy to get and yet hard to spend.

In short, we do not recall in human history an experiment more completely tried, and of which the results are plainer, than our protective experiment, except that of absolute monarchy in France, and the one has produced almost as great moral chaos as the other. The country is full of the anti-social, anarchical, and crazy ideas of the power of Government which preceded the French Revolution, and they have grown out of the thirty years of protection as plainly as the French ones grew out of fifty years of licentious despotism. Not the least diverting part of the prevailing folly is the high-tariff attempt to fasten the responsibility of it all on the free-traders, as if it was not the function of a tariff to silence and rout free-traders by the display of its own beneficence. The number of theories which in practice would make the world happy if the wicked would only cease from troubling, is immense. But how to muzzle the wicked is a chief part of the problem of reform.

"THE SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD."

OUR friends the bimetallists have been for now fully fifteen years predicting a "scramble for gold," and, as a result of the scramble, a terrible financial convulsion, which some of them went so far as to say would break up the framework of society and imperil our civilization itself. As the years roll by and this convulsion does not take place, and the world goes on much in the old way, their position naturally becomes more and more embarrassing. It is for this reason, Mr. Mulhall says in the last *Contemporary Review*, that they hold a convention or conference nearly every year to keep people in mind of their existence and let them know that the scramble is still coming. They are very like the Fifth Monarchy men and the Second Adventists in the difficulty they have in waking up a perishing world. It is in vain that they are reminded that the actual use of gold, except to settle international balances, has almost ceased, and that the world's supply is rapidly increasing, and that there is no more sign of competition for it than there was twenty years ago. They still continue to wail and warn, to form associations and clubs, and to denounce the "dishonor" of silver.

Mr. Raffalovitch, the Russian economist, a member of the Brussels Conference and one of the highest financial authorities of the day, has undertaken to cheer them up in the last number of the *Économiste Français*. He says to them in substance that in the middle of May the Bank of France had $352,000,000 of gold, the Bank of England had $165,000,000; that is to say, France had $10,000,000 more than at the same time last year and England $47,000,000 more, while New York had sent over nearly $6,000,000—voluntarily, be it remembered; no clubbing, or fighting, or use of the army or navy. New York just shipped it peaceably, because it did not want it itself.

But how about the supply from the mines? Mr. Soetbeer says that while the average annual production from 1881 to 1889 was 160,000 kilos, the production from 1889 to 1892 was 183,000 kilos. M. Raffalovitch calculates that after the arts have taken their share of this there remain 60,000 to 70,000 kilos for monetary purposes, which he considers amply sufficient. One of the strange delusions of the bimetallists is that the governments of the world have to supply people with metallic money. The fact is that the people supply themselves with metallic money just as they supply themselves with trousers or boots. That is to say, when there is such a demand for gold money that something is to be made by having gold coined, they carry it to the mint and get it coined, and thus the gold currency is increased to the extent demanded. They do not go to the mint and say: "I see the scarcity of gold is increasing, and I fear a terrible crisis is at hand if our Government does not step in and restore silver to its old place of honor; therefore, I have brought you a little gold I happen to have on hand, to have it coined so as to postpone, if possible, the impending catastrophe. It is not much, but [weeping] it is my little all." They simply deposit it and ask to have the value in coin, and find they make a little profit by the transaction, and over this, instead of weeping, they grin.

May be, however, there are signs of the scramble in India, where silver has been so much depreciated. Not at all. On the contrary, hoarded gold has begun to appear in the bazaars as an article of merchandise. India produces from 2,000 to 3,000 kilos annually, and she is now keeping the whole of it. Russia produces about 30,000 kilos annually. She used to export two-thirds of this; she now

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keeps it all. Australia is exporting more than usual. She is keeping only 15 to 20 per cent. of her annual production of 40,000 kilos. Nowhere is there any sign of a scramble. The nations of the world which produce gold are simply turning more of it than formerly into coin.

When any nation, or—as this is a deceptive phrase—when the money-dealers of any nation find there is a demand for gold, and that they can make a trifle by importing it, the first thing they do is to look around for the stock which it will cost least to transport. For instance, when Rumania wants gold, she goes to Germany for it; when Germany wants it, she goes to London, and sometimes directly to New York. London is a great gold market, because dealers who find they cannot employ their bullion profitably turn it into the Bank of England in exchange for bank notes, so that the bank is almost always ready to supply purchasers. The great movements of gold through the world are regulated, as the movements of currency are here, by the local demand. For instance, gold may have to go to Egypt during the cotton season, to Brazil during the coffee season, to Argentina during the wheat season, and so on. But the sum which goes to any of them is small. They take their pay mostly in other products, and gold is used only to square the accounts, if there be a balance on either side.

No European nation appears as yet to have discovered bad moral qualities in gold. It goes wherever it is sent without a murmur or sign of resistance, and displays, so far as is known, no partiality for any nation in particular, or for any class of society. It has never displayed the slightest unworthy jealousy of silver, nor objected to being used as a mere settler of balances, instead of a full currency, which it might very well have done. One thing, however, it does resent, and that is being talked of as a rich man's money which is of no use to a poor man. It has more than once asked indignantly when did a poor man get less for a five-dollar gold piece or a sovereign than a rich man? There is, we need hardly say, no such case on record. And it objects more and more to its association with heartlessness and greed, because it has been so much used in literature as a synonym for all money, and for the robber's and the miser's motive.

NATURAL FRUITS.

THE proof that the usual price of admission to the police force in this city has for years been $300 is now overwhelming. It has been a matter of common knowledge for nearly twenty years, but for the first time proof in abundance has been adduced. That this amount went to police headquarters has also been shown very clearly, various witnesses testifying before the Senate committee that an extra charge of from $10 to $50 is made for persons acting as intermediaries between the commissioners and the applicants. On the first day of his testimony McClave said that during the ten years that he had been a commissioner he had appointed about 1,000 policemen. Here is a gross income from that source alone of $300,000, or $30,000 a year. It is well known that the appointments are divided up equally among the commissioners, each having his proportion of the vacancies to be filled. This is so open a practice that the commissioners speak without reserve of the habit which prevails among them of "borrowing an appointment" from one another from time to time. When McClave takes the stand again he should be given an opportunity to explain what portion of this $300,000 he was able to retain for himself—whether he kept it all or with whom he shared it. The other commissioners should be given similar opportunities when they take the stand.

A new phase of police iniquity was revealed on Friday. There are in this city between thirty-five and forty Bohemian saloons, it seems, which do a small business and are not able to pay the regular police tariff of $5 a month for the privilege of selling on Sunday. At the suggestion of a "ward man" they formed an association, and paid tribute of $100 a month in a body. When the membership increased, the ward man raised the sum to $125. This monthly tribute went through the ward man to the police captain, who figured on the minutes of the association's meetings as the "Great Pantata," or Father of Law. In the minds of the Bohemians, who were slowly and painfully acquiring a knowledge of American institutions, the Great Pantata stood for the dispenser of Sunday law in the first city of the New World. What their name for the police justice is was not revealed, but it would be curious and instructive to know what place in American government they assign to him.

It has further been shown, with great plausibility, and with a fulness of detail which was itself convincing, that, in addition to collecting revenues from liquor, vice, and crime, the police have also been collecting a fixed revenue from swindling. A "green-goods" operator of many years' standing, who has been a professional criminal from childhood, gave a minute and apparently frank account of the way in which that extreme form of swindling is carried on, saying that although his picture is in the Rogues' Gallery, and although he is in consequence well known to the police and detectives, he has never been interfered with while pursuing his calling as a "steerer," though he has often passed them with a victim or "guy" in tow, they sometimes nodding to him as he went along. He gave also the names of the principal "green goods" operators and their places of business, saying that he had been warned by the police to keep out of the precinct of the chief of them, McNally, who has been in the business since 1886, and has accumulated between $75,000 and $100,000 from it. He declared that New York is the only city in the country in which there is such a thing as police protection for the green-goods business. Everywhere else the green-goods men work in fear of the police. "Here the 'steerer' or the 'turner' is all right if he has the proper backer." The cost of this "protection" he understood to be 5 per cent. of the profits. All he knew was that 5 per cent. was held back, avowedly for the police, and that he got protection. He was arrested several times for picking pockets, but never molested while openly prosecuting the green-goods business.

This revelation has naturally caused a profound sensation, for of all forms of swindling this of the green-goods trick has long been considered the most infamous. Yet the step from collecting revenue on liquor-selling, gambling, and vice to collecting revenue on swindling is not such a long one. A police official who will accept from the hand of a prostitute a share in the profits of her shame, cannot be expected to be squeamish about receiving a dividend from the hand of a swindler. Why should the blackmailer who has once entered upon the practice stop short of any possible application of it? Why should we be surprised at any development of depravity in a police force which is itself founded in blackmail?

It is maintained by the partisan Republicans of the "straight ticket" variety that all these revelations are due to Tammany depravity, or Democratic depravity, and that a straight Republican municipal administration is the only kind that can give us reform. This is not true. The present condition of the Police Department is the natural fruit of a quarter of a century of bi-partisan administration. Ten years ago, when the Police Board was composed of two Republicans and two Democrats, with one of the Republicans, "Steve" French, president of the board, the Roosevelt investigating committee opened its report on the department with a declaration: "At the outset the committee found a fatal defect in the present system, namely, the fact that the commission is four-headed. There should be but one commissioner, who should either be appointed to hold during good behavior, or else should take and leave office with the mayor appointing him. There is absolutely not a single advantage in having four heads, while the disadvantages are innumerable." The report went on to hint at the blackmailing which is now revealed,

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and to put the responsibility upon the four-headed commission. Ten years have passed since then, and every effort to get rid of the four-headed system has been defeated by the Republicans. Last January, when the Legislature came together, Dr. Parkhurst and President Smith of the Chamber of Commerce took the lead in a demand for a single-headed system, but the Republican majority, under the dictation of Boss Platt and the *Tribune*, refused to allow the change to be made, and devoted all their energies to the permanent establishment of the bi-partisan, four-headed system. Because of that Republican policy no change was made.

THE FALISCAN MUSEUM AT ROME.—I.

ROME, April, 1894.

THROUGH all the financial difficulties and deficits with which the Italian Government has had to struggle during the past few years, there has always been a place reserved, an appropriation admitted, for the prosecution of those studies into antiquity the results of which are so important a part of the moral capital of Italy, as well as so large a contribution to the attractions to students of the great winter resort of Europe. During the stringent and almost paralyzing economies of the past two years, means have been found to arrange, and in fact create, two of the most interesting museums in the peninsula, of which one is perhaps the most interesting, from the archæological point of view, that exists in Europe. This, the Faliscan Museum at the old villa of Pope Julius III., was indeed the last important effort of Italian archæology before the regrettable necessity became evident of suppressing all expenditure which had not an imperious economic demand or an inexorable constituency to insist on its retention; and its definite organization was the last work of the scholar and historian who held the post of minister of public instruction in the late Italian ministry, Prof. Villari, the biographer of Machiavelli and Savonarola, who, as a student of history, recognized the value of the discoveries on the site of Faleria, as revealing one chapter of Italian prehistory so unexpected, in the light it has thrown on that history, that it compels us to rewrite it almost entirely.

For a number of years past the department of antiquities of the ministry has been engaged in drawing up an archæological map of the peninsula, by which the results of research could be better collated and the direction of it better determined. It is an immense work, hardly to be completed in a generation, and now suspended, but it has already given indication of work for generations of students. The number of sites to be explored, and the archæological wealth thus far indicated in them, are almost incredible. The fortunate choice of Faleria, as an example of the way in which this exploration ought to be carried on, was decided by the observation of the convergence of several ancient roads on the site, and the acute conclusion on the part of the archæological surveyor, Count Cozzi, and the efficient head of the department of antiquities, Prof. Bernabei, that this great convergence indicated a special importance in the city, or shrine, to which they led. The identification of the site as that of Faleria, destroyed by the Romans B. C. 241, was long ago made, and the city, being one of the so-called Etruscan league, has naturally been considered Etruscan, though the traditions were opposed to such an attribution.

As has often happened before, the testimony of archæology has come to the confirmation of the primitive tradition, and the excavations at Faleria have the value not only of being a model of the manner in which such investigations should be carried on, but of showing that our former notions of the Etruscan state were entirely mistaken, so far as the supposed league was concerned, and that we must admit into the history of Italian civilization an element which has hitherto been regarded as a poetic legend. The itineraries made it easy to identify this site, with its mural remains and evident importance, so near to the later Falerii, as that of which the ancient authors wrote as the seat of the great shrine of Juno, built by a colony of Argives in imitation of the Heræum at Argos, before the Trojan war. But it was only in 1886 that systematic excavations were commenced, in consequence of workmen, in search of building-stone, having unearthed a quantity of blocks of antique cutting in one of the gorges which constituted the natural defence of the city; for in these remains the authorities recognized the ruins of a temple. The work then initiated has resulted in the formation of the Faliscan Museum, in which the finds have been arranged as a model for the collections, which it is hoped in time to form, of other localities of historical and archæological interest, firstly in local groups, and in each group according to the chronological sequence of the tombs; each locality in the system having a suite of rooms devoted to, or destined for, it. This arrangement enables the student at the beginning of his studies to follow that part of the record which belongs to Faleria and its kindred towns, so far as explored, from the earliest period to the Roman conquest. The report, drawn up by Prof. Barnabei, and to be published by the Academy of the Lincei, will contain the legitimate conclusions from the discoveries, of which I anticipate a part.

The excavations began with the clearing away of the ruins I have referred to, and which had been with great probability identified with those of the Argive temple, by Gammurini (*Notizie delle Scavi*, March, 1887). The classical allusions are sufficiently full and clear to put this point beyond serious question, but what is of peculiar interest is the interpretation we must give to the relation between those remains of the common early Italic civilization and the evidences of the presence on this spot of a Greek population, where universal belief in our own day had determined the presence of an Etruscan. The general and dominant character of the Italic finds everywhere is the presence of the hut-urn and well-tombs; and the occurrence of these over the entire extent of the central and southern part of the peninsula, being wholly distinct from the form of burial shown in the Sicanian graves of western Sicily, and the still more widely different Siculian tombs found in the known range of the Siculi in eastern Sicily and southern Italy, is a proof presumptive of the chronological precedence of the race to which they belonged over the Siculi, of whose existence, range, and character we have historical evidence coming down to the Greek colonization of Sicily, and of their having been expelled by a composite stock from the continent. But the hut-urn, symbol of this phase of the Italian development (which, following the Italian archæologists, I have designated as Italic) is not, at Faleria, found in its primitive form, but rather in a derived, conventional form, the well-tomb being retained, with a survival of the hut in the roof stone.

This induced Cozza to conclude that the site was not the original one of the Italic population, and to search in the neighborhood for another of earlier date. He found at a point above Faleria the ruins of a city, unknown to tradition, which he concluded to have been abandoned about two centuries before the destruction of Faleria. This was Narce, a strong hill-site higher up the valley, but still far from the head of it, and, like Faleria, showing conventionalized and late Italic remains from the first, so that the evidence was still to seek of a purely Italic and primitive civilization. This was found finally in the traces of what must have been an important seat of the Italic power, which was abandoned during the continuance of the primitive phase. It is at Monte S. Angelo, at the head of the valley, where the necropolis is of the pure Villanova type, undisturbed by the foreign invasions of Faleria and Narce. It may be imagined that the town on Monte S. Angelo had been subjugated by an invading race, which afterwards moved down to and occupied Narce and Faleria at nearly contemporary dates, and in the latter place completed its development of the problem of civilization, as far, at least, as it had been carried at the date of the Roman conquest. The find at Narce is richer in the intermediate objective, but has no other distinctive testimony to bear of what that was, so that it may be classed entirely with Faleria.

What this Italic race, or amalgamation of races, may have been, it is not necessary to conjecture here, and the period at which it flourished can only be conjectured here or elsewhere—there is no datum on which chronology can seize. What is of moment to us is the certain evidence that there was a colonization of some Greek stock which dominated the Faliscan country at so early a date that the Etruscans never obtained a footing there. And if we consider that the Trojan was a Greek race, there may thus be given a solid basis for the tradition which Virgil preserves of the colonization of the Tiber valley by the refugees from Troy. Without attempting, like Martelli, to interpret the legends with historical precision, we are now able to show that, except for possible partial and late local invasions, such as that of Porsena, there has never been any establishment of Etruscan authority or peculiar civilization south of the Ciminian range, and that in all probability Veii and Tarquinia were, if ever Etruscan, only so during the later period of the independence of Etruria before the Roman conquest.

W. J. STILLMAN.

A FRENCH PROVINCIAL CITY.

MONTPELLIER, May 8, 1894.

WHY should foreigners ever come to Montpellier? All our neighbors have more to offer them: at Agde they find Greek types, in the descendants of the ancient colonists; at Arles and Nîmes are the great Roman remains; Aigues-Mortes has a prison tower, Avignon has walls, Lunel shows bull fights. We are surprised when any stranger passes by these famous places and descends at our quiet station; and perhaps we do not too much encourage him. He must make up his mind to leave the main lines of travel, to get his Paris newspapers twenty-four hours late, and never to see a *Times*. Our banks make short work of his suspicious attempts to draw money upon that mysterious document which he calls a "letter of credit"; our hotels hold out no delusive

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promises of "English comfort." Indeed, English is a language so remote that in this city of 80,000 people he will not find three persons who can converse in it. The Bulgarians and our friends the Russians send their children freely to our schools and universities, but it is forty years since the English deserted us for Cannes and Nice.

Perhaps, however, the infrequent visitors like a city which is as French as Orléans and much further removed from the influence of the capital; perhaps they are interested in Languedoc, which preserved its Estates down to 1789, or in the neighboring Cévennes, stronghold of French Protestantism; perhaps they admire the habile and generous people of the Midi; perhaps they find here an agreeable climate, a pleasant countryside, a refined and hospitable university circle, and an abiding-place in a warm-hearted French family, among lively French-chattering young people. Possibly even people who have been in Monte Carlo and might be in Paris, prefer Montpellier. Or is it simply the reputation of our Peyrou which attracts them? The Peyrou, our municipal promenade and park, is, at any rate, our chief pride, and every right-minded Montpellieraine considers it superior to the similar "Fontaine" at Nimes, and in his own thoughts compares it with Versailles; though, of course, Versailles has no view of the Mediterranean and Cévennes. The Peyrou occupies a plateau of half-a-dozen acres in the highest part of the city, and no one is allowed to put up buildings high enough to cut off the view. From it the eye ranges across the green flats of the vineyards, which are our wealth, towards the sea, and on the other side one follows the splendid arcade of the aqueduct inland over pleasant hills to the more distant rounded masses of white and naked rock, which are characteristic of the Cévennes, and which roll up to the huge dolomitic Pic St. Loup.

Around the Peyrou sweeps the city, which boasts of little except its situation and its prosperity. We are but a modern place, founded only eleven centuries ago, and we have destroyed most of the monuments of our own history. Of our walls but a single gate and tower are left. Still, we are proud of our cathedral, with its famous vaulted portico, and of our Jardin des Plantes, founded by Henry IV. Our Rue Nationale, leading from the Peyrou through the triumphal arch of Louis XIV., might almost be mistaken for the unfashionable end of the Boulevard St. Germain, and our boulevards much resemble the exterior circle in Paris. On the Place de la Comédie, the centre of civic life, stands our new municipal theatre; it is of course inferior to the temples of the dramatic art which the opulent municipalities of New York and Chicago have doubtless erected for the instruction and delight of their citizens; but strangers consider it a superb building, a monument of the French sense of architectural form and power of decoration. Within the circle of handsome new streets is a labyrinth of narrow and ill-smelling lanes, where are still a few vestiges of the mediæval town. But we Montpellieraines avoid the old quarter, and look with some disfavor on the projected tramway system which threatens our favorite boulevards.

It would ill become us to describe our own peculiarities as a people, the more so because we have no very marked outward characteristics. The only picturesque elements of street life are an occasional lady in Arlesian coif, a peasant woman in lace cap, a carter in the southern blue cap resembling a Scotch bonnet, cracking his whip over the three horses, in enormous pointed collars, which so honestly draw the heavily laden wine-cart. Even the blouse is not very common, and our students have nearly left off wearing the distinctive velvet "berrette." We have no desire to appear different from other civilized people; we have Paris fashions for our women and London styles for our young men.

As to our character, you must be warned against taking that humorous Monsieur Daudet's books as describing us. Possibly to the calm observer we seem to use a prodigious quantity of gesture and to talk with express-train rapidity. Of course French is our tongue, and the foreign ear detects no significant difference in the accent of Montpellieraines and Parisians; but we do not forget that Languedoc is also a language. The various time-honored dialects (some people call them patois) are still alive in the villages. We have "joyaux" and a "consistoire félibréen," and flatter ourselves that we are restoring the Provençal and its kindred forms to literary use. But when, last Sunday night, we held a "félibrige Montpellieraine," and recited "poésies" and rendered a play translated from Molière into the speech of "Mont Pelié," nobody came to hear, and many among us think it all child's play. We are not Languedocians, we are essentially Frenchmen, fair types of Frenchmen throughout the Republic.

Nevertheless we are in no sense Parisians: we are simple rural Frenchmen, having neither commerce nor manufactures. The town rests upon the shopkeepers, very numerous, who live upon their sales to the peasants, and the peasants are nearly all vine-growers—hence the phylloxera did us immense harm. Now that, after an expenditure equal to the value of the land, the American stocks are producing again, the price of wine has fallen to such a point that some proprietors cannot get two sous a litre for their year's product. At least our own libations are not expensive, and the proverbial thrift of our race keeps up our prosperity, even in these hard times.

We may fairly claim also to be an intelligent and well-educated people. Our Department of the Hérault has had only one illiterate born in the department out of the whole levy of conscripts for a year. Besides the private schools, chiefly Catholic or Protestant, we have a system of public instruction which takes the infant in his cradle into the public day nursery, and carries him through the public kindergarten up to the Écoles Primaires Supérieures (not on any account to be confused with the Écoles Primaires Élémentaires Supérieures), and at nineteen sends him forth a well-trained youth. Or he may early diverge into the fee-receiving lycées, and thus advance to the public university. Perhaps a stranger might think that the methods are too effective, that the work is all cut out for the pupils, and that they are not trained to think for themselves; perhaps also the formal lessons in ethics defeat their own object by substituting a set of phrases—"justice," "self-respect," and the like—for a healthy following of good examples. As for the lycées, nothing is easier than to make a study of them which might be useful for an American. All that is necessary is to apply to the Rector of the University, titular head of the system, who will good-naturedly decline to afford the necessary facilities; then to appeal to the Minister of Public Instruction in Paris, who in due time will refer to your Ambassador; if he vouches for you, the Minister will request the Rector to instruct the Directors of the lycées to direct the teachers to assist you. If the correspondence takes less than a month, you may reach your unreasonable end of visiting the classes in function. The University speaks for itself, and makes no difficulty about letting its excellent light shine.

Montpellier is one of the few French cities in which there is a noticeable Protestant element. Once entirely Protestant, the faith almost disappeared under Louis XIV.; but the hardy mountaineers of the Cevennes preserved it, and their descendants form a numerous and vigorous body in the city. Having entire freedom of worship, the Protestants as a body do not enter warmly into the bickerings between the Catholics and the Radicals. It must be difficult for a foreigner to understand the sensitiveness which looks upon a quiet religious procession in the street as "of a nature to awaken the susceptibilities of that public which takes no part in it"; or which sees in a mass at a fête of Jeanne d'Arc "a manifestation likely to produce an element of division." Apropos of this fête, our Free Thinkers' Club proposes to hold a "punch of protestation," and to represent in tableaux the burning of Jeanne d'Arc, with the attendant clergy in canonicals. Without going to such excesses, we moderate republicans have a deep distrust, not of our Catholic neighbors, but of the political influence of the clergy. Our common phrase, "Réactionnaire," is used to sum up this feeling, much as the word "Copperhead" was used during your civil war.

At this moment, owing to the censure inflicted by the Government on the Archbishop of Lyons for advising non-compliance with a law of the republic, the religious differences nearly coincide with political divergences. Aside from the recriminations of the press, our political struggles take place chiefly in the Municipal Council. Our Conseil-Général for the Department of Hérault can go little further than to request the prefect to urge the Government to put a pressure on the engineers to hasten the preparation of the plans for establishing the shore line of our lagoons; and the administration of the department is, of course, subject to the directions which emanate from Paris. Our Municipal Council, however, has important functions of finance and police, and meets when it likes, unless the prefect forbids. These sessions are the opportunity to see and hear our men of the South at their happiest; the air resounds with Provençal cries of "Mais autrement!" and "Jamaï de la vido." We do not trouble ourselves with those severe and complex rules of parliamentary law which appear to enchain Anglo-Saxon legislative bodies; when a member has anything to say, he says it, without much regard to what somebody else is saying at the same time. Our mayor, elected by the Council, and at the same time dean of the faculty of letters in the University, knows how to bring the debate to a point. Nobody better understands how to restore good humor by letting fall a witticism not too refined on a delicate question of morals. Nobody could more adroitly fence with, without enraging, our socialist members—to restrain them is beyond human power. If the physicist seeks an illustration of the expansive force of a confined gas, let him observe our socialist members. Seated in a compact body, they scent every manœuvre of the "vieux réactionnaires," and secure little appropriations for all sorts of workmen's enterprises. To them an appropriation of 500 francs for a fête of Jeanne d'Arc is open support of clericalism: is it not better to celebrate some of the glorious events

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of the Revolution? On the other hand, they have secured in the concession for tramways the insertion of a clause by which the wages of the employees are to be fixed by a trades-union. They are an example of the wave which is unceasingly beating against the cliff of social order. Will they undermine it at last?

Doubtless part of this political effervescence is due to our love of noise and excitement, a habit equally visible in our amusements. Besides our brilliant balls, we have intellectual treats, concerts in the beautiful hall in the theatre building, public courses of lectures on Greek art and sociology, and musical ethics at the University. We keep up permanent opera, very good, and a permanent theatre which does not err on the side of seriousness. Nobody could go any further in indelicate suggestiveness than our *jeune premier* in his great flannel-undershirt scene in "Par un Fil à la Patte." All these diversions are chiefly for the *haut monde;* our semi-annual fair gives a month's delight to everybody. One street of the booths in the Esplanade is given up to the sale of goods, mostly knick-knacks and small wares; but if you like things peculiar to our countryside, you may find our laces or may discover the remarkable Terres d'Uzès, the work of a local Palissy. The other row is given up to noisy pleasures. In many of these performances there is a fourteenth-century strain of broad indecency, which we appear to enjoy with the rest; for we French, even little children, have strong stomachs. Exception might also be taken to the abundant roulette tables, where you may win poor cigars and are nearly certain to lose sous. On the whole, however, we have reason to think our fair a good-humored, honest kind of amusement.

We do not let such popular pleasures take the place of more refined festivities, such as the recent fête of Jeanne d'Arc. Even the radicals enjoyed the good time. Perhaps the competition of the brass bands and the bicycle-racing was a little dull, but not so the Battle of Flowers on Monday. Our marketwomen and washerwomen prepared magnificent floats —Jeanne d'Arc as a shepherdess, Jeanne d'Arc as a warrior, Jeanne d'Arc as a saint; but we liked better the big ox of the Agricultural School, and the landaus full of students and laughing people. Flowers were less common than the inexpensive bits of colored paper which we showered from the balconies, under the mistaken name of "confetti," and the "serpentins," the colored paper ribbons shot across and among horses, carriages, and people, or streaming out in the wind. This cheap and innocent sport might seem tame in a country where the young men of the first universities celebrate their fêtes by scrambling up each other's backs and tearing off each other's jerseys, but it gave a long afternoon of uproarious delight to many thousands, and harmed not one. To a foreigner one of the pleasantest remembrances of Montpellier would be the good temper and delight of the thousands who thronged the streets on that afternoon. Whatever the reason for coming, there can be no doubt that the visitor is very loath to depart.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KABYLIA.

FORT NATIONAL, May 10, 1894.

LOOKING eastward from Algiers across the bay and the plain of the Metidja, one sees, on a clear day, a succession of snowy peaks rising above the blue line of mountains which on this side bounds the whole horizon. As seen from Algiers these snow-clad mountains, which are the highest summits of the range of the Djurdjuras, form a sort of finishing-touch to the tropical landscape. In reality, they are not covered with perpetual snow. The winter visitor, sitting under the palms of the Place Bresson or in the rose gardens of Mustapha, sees them at their best, when they are white from base to summit; later on, the snow gradually recedes into the narrow ravines about their tops, and by midsummer it has wholly disappeared. The loftiest of them, Lella Kadidja, "Lady Kadidja," the Jungfrau of the Djurdjuras, is but 7,542 feet, which is far below the snow-line in this part of the world. The highest parts of the range are uninhabited, but the mountainous region round about them, the Kabylia of Djurdjura, supports a considerable population, the so-called Kabyles, who live in villages on the lower mountain-tops throughout the littoral and down as far as the borders of the level land. The entire region is most interesting for its natural scenery and its picturesque folk life, which has kept original conditions singularly unchanged. In the heart of Kabylia, outside of the few French villages that serve as military stations, there is almost no visible trace whatsoever of European contact in the people themselves, their dress, or their habits of living. The majority of the people here speak but little French, and although the Kabyles since the bloody insurrection of 1871 have been placed under the civil authorities and the common law, and schools have been established, here and there, for male children, it has left, as yet, few marks upon the surface of their life, which apparently goes on as it did for centuries before.

Most parts of Algeria are easily accessible by rail or diligence. Of railways there are at present in operation something over 1,800 miles, all of which has been built since 1870, when the first line, from Philippeville to Constantine, was opened for traffic. They stretch now in a network through the whole northern part of the colony, from the borders of Morocco to Tunis, and two lines run far down into the desert, one to Biskra, the centre of the date trade, in the oasis of the same name with its hundred thousand date palms, and the other to Aïn-Sefra, on the western side, in the direction, at least, of Timbuctoo and the Niger. Where the railways end, that *lucus a non lucendo* vehicle, the diligence, in this part of French territory even less diligent than its forbears elsewhere, starts in, so that with unlimited time it is possible to get anywhere.

The goal of a journey to the Djurdjuras is usually the village of Fort National, and to reach it it is most feasible to call into requisition both rail and diligence, although the whole distance may be made by the latter. The route from Algiers leads, first, out across the fertile plain of the Metidja, green with vineyards that stretch away in straight rows as far as the eye can see. Gradually the country becomes hillier, and the vines are interspersed with fields of grain and tobacco. Several streams are traversed on substantial stone viaducts with many arches, the train crawls cautiously through three or four short tunnels, and the grade becomes continually more abrupt. Finally, five hours from Algiers, you are set down at the terminus of the line, the French village of Tizi-Ouzou, and ascertain that you have successfully accomplished some sixty-five miles of your pilgrimage.

The remainder of the journey, by diligence, a matter of seventeen miles, but of four hours, is by far the most interesting part of the way. The whole aspect of the country has gradually changed, not only in its conformation, but in its vegetation, buildings, and methods of agriculture. Near Algiers the farm buildings scattered about the country are either the new erections of French settlers, or they are not infrequently, in whole or in part, the old Arab farms, which in some few cases still belong to native owners. The Arabs, however, in northern Algeria, in town or country, are a vanishing race and not many are left as tillers of the soil. In this region agriculture is conducted on at least recent methods, though without farm machinery. The fields are ploughed with modern ploughs, and many vineyards are cultivated by horse-power. As one gets further into Kabylia the isolated farmsteads grow fewer, and ultimately disappear altogether, all the houses being congregated in villages which in every direction straggle irregularly along on the very summits of the mountains. Instead of the flat white roofs of the Arab houses, these are invariably pointed and covered with tiles, which make every mountain top a gleam of red in the midst of the abundant verdure that always covers them. In these higher regions the vegetation has wholly changed its appearance and has no longer the tropical character of the country about Algiers. The palms have long since been left behind, and if it were not for the hedges of prickly pear along the wayside and the boundaries of fields, the olives of immemorial age, and the luxuriant growth of the fig trees which dot the country in well-kept orchards, one could readily believe one's self, in this respect at least, in a northern climate. The oldest of the olives are said to have been grafted by the Romans. At any rate, the Kabyles had entirely forgotten the art, which was reintroduced by the French after the conquest of this part of the colony in 1857. Methods of agriculture, too, have changed. All over the slopes of the hills bare-legged men in white gown and turban are ploughing, their wooden ploughs with a single handle drawn by a pair of bullocks yoked far apart and driven by a long ox-goad that reaches to the animals' heads; other than this, in fields and vineyards, a short-handled mattock seems to be the only tool used.

In this region, as in almost all parts of Algeria in the agricultural districts remote from the towns, there are scarcely any French at all. It strikes one as being sparsely peopled with either French or Kabyles, and with its fertile soil and usually abundant rainfall could support a population many times larger than it has. The French Government has made only a few sporadic attempts to settle an agricultural population, and the great bulk of the immigrants, particularly from France, flock to the towns, where they are not needed, and avoid the country. If it were not for the Kabyles, who are native not only to Kabylia proper, in the Djurdjuras, but to various other parts of the three departments, agricultural conditions would be a subject for despair. All over the colony they form the real peasant population, industrious and hard-working, the very opposite of the indolent Arabs. Even in the towns they do a major part of the manual labor, and for all Algeria they are literally the hewers of wood and the drawers of water.

Fort National, through whose stone gateway, after winding in and out along the curves of the superbly constructed *chaussée*, the diligence finally swings with a brave show of speed, is in reality a fortified town. Like the Kabyle villages, it is perched on the summit of a mountain, higher, however, than its immediate neighbors, which it commands on every side. Its altitude of 3,153 feet above the sea

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makes it the highest French settlement in the colony, although several native villages are higher. Nothing could be finer than the view from the walls. South, across the landscape of mountain and valley, which in one place dives sharply downward a good two thousand feet of steep descent, stand close at hand the snow peaks we had seen from Algiers; in the opposite direction, far below at the base of wooded mountains, is the broad valley of the Sebaou, with the river winding along its sandy bed, half dry at this time of the year; everywhere, north, south, east, and west, are mountain spurs, wooded in part, in part cultivated in sharply rectangular fields, but all green to the top, where inevitably appears the red-tiled village.

Fort National itself is a little French town of stucco houses, with not over three hundred inhabitants, more than usually clean, and throughout pervaded by zouaves. Its principal street, where are the inn, shops, and cafés, runs deviously through it from gate to gate. Above and below are other streets of barracks and houses, and the fort and citadel are at the top. The inn accommodations are extremely limited, and with some dismay we learned upon our arrival that not a room was to be had either in the little hotel or out of it. The possibilities had all apparently been disposed of, when a Kabyle edged through the interested crowd that had collected, and said in excellent English that he knew where there was a room if we would follow him, and we were soon more or less comfortably installed over a soldiers' café at the end of the street. Conversation with our deliverer showed him to be a much travelled man, and when he learned that we were Americans, he told us that he had spent all last summer in the Midway Plaisance, and he had a fund of reminiscences in high colors of New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia. Of a truth, the world at the end of the century is much smaller than it ever was before, and, improbable as it may at first sight seem, there are even direct ties that now bind our shores with the tops of African mountains.

The Kabyle villages of the Djurdjuras are possibly most picturesque at a distance as they lie in the sunshine on their green mountains. They are all alike except for size, only that the larger ones are apt to be cleaner and better built, and have beside the houses a whitewashed mosque with a minaret, octagonal or square, and the *djemäa*, or council-house, of the community. The houses are invariably constructed on the same model. All are low rectangular buildings made of rough stones laid in courses with all possible economy of mortar, with a gable roof covered with earthen tiles. Only the better ones are plastered and whitewashed on the outside. They have no chimneys, the smoke being allowed to escape through an aperture under each gable. A door in the middle of the longer side admits one into the dark interior, for there are no windows. In the larger houses sometimes two or three of these buildings form the sides of an unpaved court, but more often one constitutes the whole. They are all huddled together at haphazard, except for the irregular street that runs through the centre of the village, into which it straggles at one end, often up a steep ascent, and out down another. The outbuildings, along the edges, are often made of branches wattled together and thatched with grass and reeds. Inside, the houses have only a dirt floor, and are devoid of any article of furniture whatsoever. The poorer villages and houses are squalid in the extreme and swarm with vermin. With other remembrances you are sure to carry away substantial ones in the shape of fleas, whose multitude in these places it is beyond the power of man to number. The people who live in these unpromising surroundings are a tall, well-made race, not infrequently with blue eyes and red hair. Many of the men are as fair as Europeans, for whom in another environment they could easily pass. The men wear, but without the Arab's lordly swagger, the usual Arab costume, a gown or *gandoura* of white, or what once was white, one or two burnouses and a turban, the cleanliness and costliness of all of which runs through the scale here as elsewhere. One of the most disturbing influences of French civilization in all Algeria to the sensitive eye is the use, by the poorest classes, of discarded gunny-bags for a burnous, and this custom has even penetrated into the distant villages of Kabylia, where, as in the streets of Algiers, natives sometimes go about with "*fragile*" and all sorts of ridiculous legends imprinted on their backs.

The women, who are pretty as girls, with full faces and high color, but who age early, all wear two *foutas*, which are simply straight pieces of cotton material gayly striped in blue, red, and yellow, reaching below the knees, and fastened at the shoulders in front by brooches of silver or white metal, and held around the waist by a girdle. A bright colored cotton kerchief covers their abundant black hair, which is curiously plaited in a bunch on each side of the face. They are all tatooed in blue on forehead, cheeks, and chin, and sometimes an elaborate device runs about the neck and down over the breast. A flat silver brooch set with coral or red and blue enamel is worn by the unmarried women on the forehead, by the married on the bosom. They all go barefooted and bare-armed, and, unlike the Arab women, never veil themselves with the *adjar*. This last is else religiously worn by Mohammedan women throughout Algeria as much as it was in the days of the Prophet, who introduced it, although contact with Europeans has apparently made them, under circumstances, careless of showing their faces. Many a time, in our walks about Algiers, we have come upon Arab women in out-of-the-way places who made no effort to veil themselves, although they covered immediately when a native came in sight, even if he were no more than a shepherd. The Kabyle women, like their Arab sisters, stain their finger-nails with henna, or even redden the whole hand, and they sometimes color their feet and ankles a bright yellow. Like the Arab women, too, they load themselves down with the bracelets and bangles that even the poorest seem to possess in profusion. Their life, however, is not one of as much variety as their garb might imply. They not only make the butter and cheese, which is woman's prerogative elsewhere, but they spin with a distaff, weave the garments they wear, sometimes in most complicated patterns and colors, on primitive looms, and make the pottery they use, in shape and decoration often astonishingly like Mexican pottery, which they turn out free-hand, without a wheel. They also have the exclusive privilege of carrying the great earthen water jars, often for long distances up and down the steep slopes of the village, holding them, as they do their babies, on their backs. With children, which are in costume small copies of their elders, except that the smallest not seldom go quite naked, the villages are alive. As soon as the approach of a stranger is observed, a cry goes up from one end of the place to the other, and children hasten from all sides, out of doorways and alleys, and surround the intruder in a mob, all clamoring for sous; and long after you have left their precincts you can hear their excited shouts.

Once a week at Fort National, as at other convenient centres throughout the country, an open-air market is held that calls out the whole male population of the district—a picturesque crowd who swarm in on foot, horse, or donkey, driving before them sheep, goats, and cattle. Some of them have a number of donkeys heavily laden, others but a bag or two of barley, a greasy goat-skin filled with olive oil, or a basket. The market, which is held on the hillside just outside the gate of the town, is a most interesting sight. Each man huddles his possessions together, whatever they may be; the sheep and the goats are tied head and head in little groups, the grain bags are opened to display their contents, wool is exhibited in heaps, a few pieces of cloth are shown in one place, and some pottery in another. Tents in the meantime have been set up, and impromptu cafés are ready to furnish black coffee in the usual tiny cups. There are no shops in the Kabyle villages, and almost everything is bought and sold at these markets, where, however, transactions are usually by barter, and scarcely any money changes hands.

The Kabyles of the Djurdjura are on the surface a contented people, notwithstanding their usual poverty and the strict frugality that it necessarily entails; but their wants over and above their own capabilities of supplying them are fortunately few, and of a living they are moderately sure from the land, which, for the greater part, they hold in severalty. They are a sturdy folk, kindly and courteous, and although up among their mountains they have kept themselves aloof, to a surprising extent, from the innovations of Western civilization, they have avoided thereby the double load of vices, the old plus the new, which is so frequently characteristic of Oriental life in Europeanized towns. Under the present administration of the French they are peaceful and law-abiding. And although, like most Eastern uprisings, the insurrection of 1871 came without a warning, it is safe to say that with the reorganization of the Government which followed in its wake, the abolition of the institution of the *Sofs*, and the extinction of the power of the *Marabouts*, the Kabyles were once and for all placed securely under French control, which, imperious and severe as it in some instances is, on the whole does not needlessly oppress them.

W. H. C.

Notes.

THE hegira of the publishing trade from Broadway to Fifth Avenue in this city is marked in the case of one of the most travelled firms, D. Appleton & Co., which began business in Exchange Place in 1825 and is now established at No. 72 Fifth Avenue. This house has in press 'Occasional Sermons and Lectures,' by the Rev. John M. Kiely of Brooklyn.

Macmillan & Co. are preparing a new edition of Jane Austen's novels in single volumes, illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

Ginn & Co. issue 'Essays and Letters Selected from the Writings of Ruskin,' edited by Mrs. Lois G. Hufford.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science announces 'The Theory of Sociology,' by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings.

Mme. Ragozin's translation of Leroy-Beau-

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lieu's 'Empire of the Tsars and the Russians' (Putnams) has already received detailed criticism from us in connection with Part i., and it is necessary only to mention the appearance of Part ii., "The Institutions." Of Sabatier's popular 'Life of St. Francis of Assisi' we have also spoken. A translation of it by Louise Seymour Houghton has just been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. It retains the notes, but adds no index.

The merits of the Dent-Macmillan "Temple Shakspere" are worth repeating in connection with the latest issues, viz., "Measure for Measure" and "The Comedy of Errors." These are: a handy pocket size, exquisite typography, an account of the sources of each play and probable date of composition, a glossary, a pertinent engraved frontispiece, cheapness.

The *Outlook* Company has issued in a handsomely printed and bound volume, with patent thumb index, a collection of 638 hymns and 471 tunes, under the title of 'The Plymouth Hymnal, for the Church, the Social Meeting, and the Home.' The editor, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, says that in the preparation of it more than five thousand hymns and poems and as many tunes were examined. It includes selections from English, German, Danish, French, and other sources. Among the tunes are more than a score furnished by leading American composers. The editor has followed the idea that "familiarity with, not trivial simplicity of, music is the secret of good congregational singing." The present collection is certainly a vast improvement on those of which Henry Ward Beecher said that their tunes were "the very emptiness of fluent noise," and that they might be sung a hundred times and as often forgotten because "there is nothing to remember." On the other hand, one reads with amazement, in the introduction, that "the editor of to-day is no longer shut up to German chorals, which are almost uniformly unmelodious." In the single collection of Bach's chorals published by Breitkopf & Härtel there is more original melody and infinitely more stirring harmony than could be distilled from a hundred 'Plymouth Hymnals.'

It is related of Liszt that if he accidentally struck a wrong note, he did not take the trouble to correct it, but made it sound all right by slightly altering the harmony. Of course it took genius to do this in his way, with a smile of conscious superiority on the lips, but every pianist of ability might make himself proof against serious accidents by familiarity with treatises on harmony. There is certainly no lack of them, but rather a superabundance. The latest arrival is 'Analytical Harmony,' by A. J. Goodrich (Cincinnati: John Church Co.). It is a volume of more than 400 pages, with 900 examples in musical type. Although it is clearly written, we doubt whether it is as well adapted for beginners as some other treatises; but the careful student of the subject will find many interesting and useful suggestions here. The author deserves special praise for basing his doctrines not on previous theoretical works, most of which are somewhat antiquated, but on the compositions of those modern masters who have so greatly enlarged the boundaries of harmony.

'The Gipsy Road,' by Grenville A. J. Cole (Macmillan), is a pleasantly written and well-printed account of a cycling tour through Hungary, Bohemia, and other parts of eastern Europe. It will not burden the reader with useful information, but it gives a sense of charm and picturesqueness and open air and sunshine which is well supplemented by the illustrations. These are drawn by Mr. Edmund H. New in a style reminiscent of early wood engravings, from "kodaks" taken by Mr. Gerard W. Butler, and are excellent, showing clean delineation, and much decorative feeling in the initials and head and tail-pieces.

We have been tardily supplied with a memorial volume published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, consisting of a sketch of the life of the late Josiah Gardner Abbott, LL.D., of that city, read before the Old Residents' Historical Association of Lowell by Charles Cowley, LL.D., with the proceedings of the bar on occasion of Judge Abbott's death, June 2, 1891. From these several tributes one may get a very good idea of the character of a War Democrat who never cut loose from his party connection, and some light on his New England associates in politics and in the legal profession. His brief term as Congressman brought him into prominence by his appointment to serve on the Hayes-Tilden Electoral Commission of 1877, by whose decision he abided, while holding the principles of the decision dangerous in the extreme. A draft of an address on behalf of the minority of the commission, prepared by him but never issued, is given in the appendix to the present volume, whose historical worth it enhances. A portrait of Judge Abbott forms the frontispiece.

To whatever causes it may be due, and we could suggest several, Americans and Englishmen are beginning to discover the existence of Spain. Books on Spain are multiplying, and while a good history in English of that country still remains to be written, we cannot but welcome such as are now issuing from the press as calculated at least to create a demand and pave the way for something better. The 'Christian Recovery of Spain,' by Henry Edward Watts, in the "Story of the Nations" series (Putnams), is commendable in many ways. The author is evidently in full sympathy with his subject, not forgetting his Anglo-Saxon standards of moral excellence, but not measuring Spain and the Spaniards relentlessly by these standards. He has explored far enough to realize some of the grosser errors of other historians, and has apparently come into sufficient contact with early documentary records to enable him now and then to swing free from conventional accounts and criticisms. This, together with a straightforward, vigorous style, gives the work a healthy tone, and we can only wish that he had introduced other chapters similar to that on the laws and government of Castile and Aragon, clearing up the political situation, and showing concisely what had been lost or gained during various periods of the turbulent struggle towards national unity. It was a mistake, on the other hand, to take for granted such an intimate knowledge of Queen Isabella and her powerful influence on the destinies of Spain as to skim so lightly over her career. The book has two maps, a good index, and a chronological table of events.

Mr. John Bonner has not succeeded so well with his 'Child's History of Spain' (Harpers). The book will doubtless prove attractive, being richly illustrated, beautifully printed, and tastefully bound. It would certainly prove instructive if a child's interest could be held by it, for the story of Spain is all here, sketched in the briefest possible manner; but the author is extremely trivial in his comment. He has already published Child's Histories of Rome and France, and as it appears that he has designs upon other countries, we would suggest that he purge his text in future of the personal pronoun, and let the facts speak for themselves without ceaseless intrusion of the "I think." He is evidently capable of better work, for his narrative is often spirited for a page or two, as in his account of the Abencerrages; and if any considerable portion of the book were as incisive—minus that omnipresent personal pronoun—as his estimate of Cardinal Ximenes, we should have little but praise to render.

Dr. Fr. Heinrich Reusch's 'Beiträge zur Geschichte des Jesuitenordens' (Munich: Beck) is an admirable discussion of subjects equally interesting to the statesman, the theologian, and the student of ethics, especially in that peculiarly puzzling branch of moral science known as casuistry. The chief topics treated in the volume before us are "The Doctrine of Tyrannicide," "French Jesuits as Gallicans," the Jesuit fiction of the famous "Assembly at Bourgfontaine," in which prominent Jansenists were accused of conspiring to subvert Catholicism and establish pure deism, "The False Arnaud," a drastic illustration of the maxim that the end justifies the means, and a number of minor contributions based to a great extent upon copies of unpublished letters of Jesuits found among the posthumous papers of the late Dr. Döllinger, and setting forth in a strong light the activity of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola as miracle-mongers, dispensers and forgers of indulgences, users and abusers of the confessional, censors of the press, and promoters of the assassination of heretical sovereigns, as in the plots formed against the life of Queen Elizabeth of England. Prof. Reusch, an Old Catholic of the University of Bonn and editor of Döllinger's 'Kleinere Schriften,' published in 1890, has collected a mass of thoroughly authentic and exceedingly valuable facts, which Jesuitical historians have aimed to pervert or to conceal.

'Le Droit de l'Enfant,' by Georges Ohnet (Paris: Ollendorff; New York: Christern), is neither better nor worse than the average Ohnet story. The wicked aristocrat and the noble artisan figure in this volume as they have figured in previous ones. The haughty and guilty wife and the injured and magnanimous husband reappear. There is the proper catastrophe at the end, poetic justice, sentimental reconciliation, wedding and happiness ever after—unless M. Ohnet writes another book. But 'Le Droit de l'Enfant' will sell as all M. Ohnet's novels have sold.

Mme. Jeanne Schultz wrote a very pretty book, 'La Neuvaine de Colette,' and another nearly as good, 'Jean de Kerdren,' but her latest attempt, 'Ce qu'elles peuvent' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Charles Eitel), is very dull reading. She has endeavored to analyze *à la* Bourget, though she lacks the peculiar gifts of the new Academician. She is very weak in her psychology and weaker still in her expression of it. Bourget exasperates at times, thanks to the intensity of his work; Mme. Schultz simply bores, and gives one the impression that she has already written herself out—which is not at all improbable.

The trustees of Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass., have issued in an attractive form, with three portraits, a special number of the school paper, the *Rushlight*, in memory of the late Lucy Larcom. The tributes it contains from her former pupils give a uniform impression of Miss Larcom which does nothing to contradict that made by her poems and her 'New England Girlhood.' Neither her attainments nor her practical achievements are to be pitted against those of women of the present day, to whom the means of intellectual development have been commensurate with the power. The extracts given here from her letters show that, in common with her generation of women, Miss

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Larcom was condemned, partially at least, to "beat the void with her wings in vain." Hence, probably, the peculiar vein of sadness, noticeable also in the lives of several of her feminine contemporaries. Her nature, however, was not only a beautiful but a strong one, and the influence she exerted on those who find a pious pleasure in testifying to its depth and lastingness, was of the incalculable kind, not to be measured by educational standards. The 'Life' of Miss Larcom, now in the hands of her friends, will be welcome to those who have had a brief glimpse, even, of her lovely personality.

A little pamphlet of 'Suggestions to Teachers of English in the Secondary Schools,' by Profs. Gayley and Bradley of the University of California, helps to swell the literature of the now famous "Committee of Ten." It contains many sensible observations in which teachers will find their account; but it demands a preparation such as hardly now exists, and a study of English such as no other language receives. This is a sad necessity in the beginning of reform. Copies of the pamphlet may be had on application to the Recorder of Faculties, Berkeley, Cal., for the postage, five cents.

The Municipal League of Philadelphia has issued in a rather bulky volume the Proceedings of the National Conference for Good City Government held at Philadelphia in January last. Its essential value lies in the first half-dozen papers—succinct accounts of the governments of Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York; and in the appended Bibliography of Municipal Government and Reform.

The coming summer meeting to be held at Oxford under the auspices of the University Extension is to begin on July 27 and last until August 24. Thus it will cover the two weeks in August during which the hospitality of the University is to be extended to the British Association. These two meetings will, for this year at least, remove from Oxford the reproach of lying idle for all educational purposes during four months every year, and may be accepted in a sort as an equivalent for the Cambridge summer-term, the Oxford counterpart of which has never established any hold either upon the lecturers or the undergraduates of Oxford colleges. An unusually varied and interesting programme has been prepared under the direction of Mr. M. E. Sadler of Christchurch, the indefatigable Oxford secretary. Most conspicuous upon the list is the contemplated series of lectures on the history of the seventeenth century, to be given by S. R. Gardner, W. Pater, J. Fiske, Sir Frederick Pollock, Dr. Fairbairn, A. L. Smith, Morse Stephens, D. G. Ritchie, and others. Messrs. A. Sidgwick and Churton Collins are to lecture on Greek literature. On the life and duties of the citizen, a course for teachers is announced to be given by Sir William Anson, Sir George Chesney, Mr. Grahame Wallace, and others. In the museums there will be courses on geology, anthropology, chemistry, astronomy, hygiene, and physiography. The Ruskin teacher of drawing announces a course in sketching from nature. Mr. H. Courthorpe Bowen and Prof. Rein (of Jena) announce a course on the theory and practice of teaching. Past and present members of the Oxford Dramatic Society are to give two performances of Browning's "Strafford," and there are to be numerous concerts and organ recitals, as well as a debate on temperance legislation, which Mr. Auberon Herbert and Lady Somerset will open. Theological lectures are promised at Manchester College, as well as a course by the Rev. Charles Gore, editor of 'Lux Mundi.' Mr. Bryce is to deliver, on July 27, the inaugural lecture on "The Worth of the Study of the Ancient Languages to Our Time." This subject is peculiarly apposite in view of Mr. Churton Collins's successful inauguration of the teaching of Greek as a feature of the English University Extension.

—Mr. M. W. Maccallum, professor in the University of Sydney, has written an interesting volume on 'Tennyson's Idylls of the King and Arthurian Story from the XVIth Century' (Macmillan). In an introduction of about a hundred pages, facts and current theories about King Arthur as a mythological and as an historical personage are summed up, and a brief sketch of the romantic Arthur literature to the Reformation is furnished. This introductory chapter lays no claim to originality. It is very readable, however, and, though one may easily find weak places in its information, is full and accurate enough to answer the author's purpose and the purpose of most of his readers. The chapters that follow give a history of the Round Table material in European literature from the Restoration to the present time, and an elaborate study of the Idylls of the King. In this part of his work Mr. Maccallum has acquitted himself well. Chapters i-v. will be welcome alike to the Tennysonian and to the student of Arthurian influences, and the special chapters on the "Idylls" are decidedly worth reading, whether one agrees with them or not. Mr. Maccallum writes agreeably and with much good sense, but he shows a disposition to push allegory pretty far in his interpretation of the "Idylls." We do not like his attempt to tag Lancelot, who, as he is forced to admit after all, is a character "elaborated before the allegory became the ruling thought of the poem."

—Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Tennyson, his Art and Relation to Modern Life' (Putnams), is obviously a course of popular lectures—whether actually delivered or not—and we wish the author had chosen to tell his readers so at the outset. Such frankness, besides being engaging, would have prepared one for the iteration, the rhetorical perorations of the chapters, the formal beginnings over and over again, and all the other necessary tricks of the lecturer. Even the sermonizing—of which there is a good deal—would then have passed, for we expect didactics from the desk. Yet the book is welcome. Mr. Brooke says interesting things, some of them new, about Tennyson's art, and, in particular, about his artistic use of nature, and he talks charmingly, as usual. His discussion of the poet's ethics and social science is less pertinent. Tennyson was so much of an artist and so little of a philosopher that it seems almost perverse to interpret "The Princess" in terms of the "woman question," or to explain that "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" is not an assault on the House of Lords. Still, we always read Mr. Brooke's own views on such topics with interest. The "Idylls of the King" are, of course, treated at length, and, as it seems to us, with overmuch protestation about "Soul at war with Sense." It is a great pity that Tennyson ever wrote those lines in "To the Queen" that make all this allegorizing possible. The remark that "from Brittany [the Arthur-saga] returned to Wales and crossed the March into England in the *Brut* of Layamon," is a bad blunder if it means what it says. One wonders, too, what Mr. Brooke means by his assertion that "The *Revenge*" is "informed by the very ballad-music of the [Elizabethan] time." There are not many of these roving shots, however, and, in spite of some amusing dogmatism and an occasional touch of sentimentality, the little book is thoroughly agreeable, and will reward a not too painful reading.

—The English Folk-Lore Society has issued to its members as the extra publication for 1893 (and placed 390 copies on sale for the public), 'The First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus,' translated by Oliver Elton, B.A., with some considerations on Saxo's sources, historical methods, and folk-lore by Frederick York Powell, M.A., F.S.A. (London: D. Nutt). The English reader has previously known Saxo only as the first chronicler of the Hamlet story, and has had no idea of the wealth of legendary lore contained in the first nine books dealing with the pagan and mythical period of Danish history. The introduction contains an account of the writer and the preservation of his work (the present translation is based upon Holder's text), as well as an extensive examination of Saxo's sources and his contribution to folk-lore. The folk-lore material has been arranged by Mr. Powell in eleven classes of subjects dealing with political institutions, custom law, statute laws, war, social life and manners, supernatural beings, funeral rites and eschatology, magic and folk-science, saws and proverbs, folk-history and folk-tales. A separate section is devoted to an examination of Saxo's mythology. Besides five indexes of persons and places, Norse poems cited, sagas cited, modern scholars cited, classics, etc., cited, there are four appendices containing passages from Saxo's later books, note on Saxo's Hamlet, genealogies of kings, and last news of Starcad. This outline of contents will give some idea of the great value of the work and its varied range. The translator has endeavored to preserve the curious style of his author—a style which has commanded the admiration of later readers, and which is based largely upon Valerius Maximus and Martianus Capella.

—The inaugural lecture of the newly elected Corpus Professor of Latin, Robinson Ellis, took place in the Hall of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, on May 24. The subject was Phædrus's fables, and the lecture has been published by the Clarendon Press. Less fragmentary than the German "programmes," and more popular as well as of maturer scholarship than German "Doctor dissertations," the English inaugural lecture as here exemplified is an admirable means for publishing scholarly research—of a certain easily apprehensible kind—which can hardly be made too much of. Beginning with the known facts of the life of Phædrus, Prof. Ellis wove into his statement of them a careful analysis of the universally accredited works of that fabulist. This led him to give a history of the study of Phædrus, and to show how far he was and was not known to scholars down to the time of the *editio princeps* of 1596. Next came a careful bibliography and a circumstantial account of the vicissitudes undergone by the various Phædrus manuscripts. Then, in connection with the new fables first published in 1808 by Cassitti, arose the question whether or no they were attributable to Phædrus. These thirty-one fables of the *Appendix Perottinâ*, though commonly attributed to Phædrus, were regarded by Prof. Ellis as not by him but by some imitator. His grounds for this belief rest upon a series of fresh and convincing *aperçus*

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of the style and personal qualities revealed in the fables of undoubted authenticity. Taking up Lessing's attacks upon the Roman fabulist, and admitting the faults found by the great German in Phædrus's work, the lecturer added one or two new kindred criticisms, and then contended that there was little or no reason for holding Phædrus responsible for such defects. Previous versions, in many cases Greek versions, contained these lapses, and his final verdict is: "I suspect that if we knew the earliest shape which any given fable took, we should find that it came from the hands of Phædrus improved and dignified." "Whether in language," he added, "or in the general style of his fables, Phædrus may be ranked among the best writers of Rome; the Latin of the fables is the pure, undebased Latin of the best period of the golden, not the silver age."

—It is not often that a twenty-eight-page pamphlet of such interest falls into our hands as 'The Forty-eight Hours Week: A Year's Experiment and its Results at the Salford Iron Works, Manchester,' by William Mather, M.P. (Manchester: *Guardian* Office). Any person who desires to have at hand the details and statistics of a forty-eight hours experiment as fairly tried by an engineering firm employing 1,200 hands, will possess himself of a copy. Mr. Mather's high character, in and out of Parliament, is a guarantee of the correctness of the statements contained. He is, moreover, opposed to any legislation in the direction of an eight-hours day, believing that such would be suited for certain classes of industry only. His firm entered upon the present experiment with hope, but with considerable hesitation. They exacted an engagement from the Trade Union of Amalgamated Society of Engineers that, if unsuccessful, they should be free to revert to the old fifty-three hours' scale, and magnanimously insisted that within the year no effort should be made to press the new scale upon other firms. The hours adopted were 7:45 to noon, and 1 to 5:30, five days of the week, and 7:45 to noon on Saturdays. The experiment appears to have proved a complete success. An increase of 0.4 per cent. in the rates of wages to turnover was curiously balanced by the saving of a similar percentage on the turnover in economy in lighting, wear and tear, fuel and lubricants, and miscellaneous stores. "Lost time without leave" was reduced from 2.46 per cent. to 0.46 per cent. The loss to the pieceworkers (at the old rates) was but small, and tended to diminish—being in the first four months 1.76 per cent. less than the old average, in the second 1.58, and in the third but 0.78. "Our observations, and the careful supervision of our foremen, have not detected that our workpeople have consciously made anything like 'a spurt' in the trial year, hoping thereby to gain a permanent reduction of hours, with the intention of easing off afterwards. . . . It would, in fact, be impossible to sustain a conspiracy of endeavor so long, if any strain accompanied it." Better workmanship and greater steadiness are apparent all round. Coming to work after a comfortable breakfast with their families has led the grog-shops to be less frequented for sustaining "nips." The moral tone is improved. There is more general eagerness to commence work at once. The apprentices are brighter and more amenable to discipline. A better tone is given to the whole day's work. The success of Mr. Mather's experiment is likely to have far-reaching consequences. Already, after full consultation of the Lords of the Admiralty with him, the 30,000 workers in the Royal Dockyards have had their hours similarly reduced, and the results there are so gratifying that doubtless before long the far larger number employed in the Army Departments will be placed upon a like footing. The outcome of this interesting experiment is a singular commentary upon the supposed incapacity of a highly paid, unprotected community to compete with the protected, long-houred, poorly-paid workers of the Continent.

—The last (ninth) annual meeting in Calcutta of the Lady Dufferin Fund for medical aid to the women of India disclosed how a modest effort of private philanthropy has practically developed into a great national movement. When Lady Dufferin left India in 1888, she had instituted a system of medical service by women physicians, which that year gave hospital relief to 2,500 in-patients and about 100,000 out-patients. At the end of Lady Lansdowne's five-years' administration (the wife of the Governor-General of India is ex officio the executive of the association in India), the annual number helped had risen to 12,500 in-patients and 600,000 out-patients. Through the aid of local committees, medical treatment is now also extended to women whose caste prohibits them from coming to the hospital, and who are too poor to pay fees. Lady Dufferin's aim was to restore health to thousands of Indian women and children who needlessly suffered and died from ignorance of sanitary principles, and whose caste customs and prejudices cut them off from the services of male physicians. The scheme has not only saved much suffering, but has been the source of a liberal education to the native communities in which women physicians have done their work. Many natives have contributed to the fund, and a number of Indian and Eurasian women have been induced to study medicine. Thus, the foundations of the scheme being laid in native Indian agencies "under skilled English control," an Indian female medical profession is being created, and philanthropic English men and women are now asked to contribute special funds for the further training of native women in England. The scholarships thus provided will be given to natives who have already shown ability in their medical studies and professional work, and who are recommended by the Indian committees for further training.

THE HEIMSKRINGLA.

The Stories of the Kings of Norway called the Round World (Heimskringla). By Snorri Sturluson. Done into English out of the Icelandic by William Morris and Eirikr Magnusson. Vol. I. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1893.

THE editors of the "Saga Library" have done wisely to select the 'Heimskringla' for early translation in the series of which the present volume is the third. It might, perhaps, with even greater propriety have formed the initial work of the whole, for, although it is the history of the kings of Norway, it supplies, in reality, the broad background that fills in nearly the whole scene of the Sagas, wherever their action may be. Even those of them which are specifically Icelandic have, almost without exception, direct points of contact with Norway, and are frequently far more intelligible in the light of the additional detail furnished by the Sagas of the kings and earls under whom the Icelanders constantly served as men-at-arms and sung as scalds. The intimacy of this contact and its continuity are sufficiently indicated when we remember that the 'Heimskringla' itself was written by an Icelander, who collected his material mainly from sources orally transmitted in both Iceland and Norway three centuries after the settlement of the island by Norsemen.

The present volume is the first of four in which the whole work is to be published. Beginning at the beginning, with Snorri's preface, it takes us to the end of the Saga of Olaf Tryggvason, which is followed by thirty pages of explanations of the figures contained in the verses, and there is a large map of Norway during the Saga period on a separate sheet in a pocket. Like its predecessors, it is a superb piece of book-making without and within. It shares, too, with its predecessors in the "Library," and with the earlier versions from the Icelandic by its two collaborators, the excellences and the faults that have become characteristic, only that the former have increased both in quantity and in quality. Leaving wholly aside the diction of the strophes, of which more anon, there is, however, in this last volume, just as there was in the first, the same use of a pseudo-archaic phraseology that has never had an existence outside of these pages. We have dwelt upon it here before, and it is still, although we have had abundant time to grow accustomed to it, a blemish and an irritation. This Morrisese, for it crops out more or less in all William Morris's writing and plainly belongs to him, finds its justification here, of course, in an attempt to render closely in Saxon equivalents the Teutonic words of the original. This, within limits, is not infrequently a distinct gain in picturesqueness. We have, to select instances at random, *unwrathfully*, *therethrough*, *a-shipboard*, *a-night-tide*, *north-away*, *east-away*, *west-over-sea;* but what about "in the end waxed King Harald so *wood-wroth*," or "Our swords are dull and all *to-sharded*"? Aside from the mere choice of diction there are some few instances of infelicitous translation. From its prominence, among other places on the title-page, the most glaring of them is the rendition of *Heimskringla* by "the Round World." Snorri's work, it will be remembered, owes its Icelandic name to the first two words of the MS. *Kringla heimsins*, from which a new compound has been formed. The words, however, mean "the circle of the earth," *orbis terrarum*, and refer to the supposed discoid form of the world. In a sense a disc is, of course, round, but "the round world" suggests nothing to us but the modern idea of the sphere. Conceived as a disc in the encircling sea, the description of the earth in Snorri's first chapter has an entirely different signification from that conveyed by the translation.

The problem of the strophes is a difficult one to solve at any time, nor is it by any manner of means certain that it has yet been successfully solved either here or elsewhere. Here and in the other Sagas the scaldic verses are such a component part of the text that they cannot possibly be eliminated without serious loss. They have always been a stumbling-block to English translators, who, one and all, have met with but varying degrees of ill-success in their attempted renditions. The difficulty is inherent. They represent a development which, at the best, even in the North was ephemeral, and now is past and gone for ever. From present indications, the time will no doubt come when we shall be as familiar in English poetry with the whole Pantheon of Northern gods as we are now with those of

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Greece and Rome, and their attributes may well furnish as intelligible an imagery. The present translators have notably contributed to bring about such a result, and Wagner in his tetralogy has sufficiently shown its possibilities. The poetic phraseology of the scalds, however, is an entirely different matter. It is absolutely a dead-letter. What, for instance, is to be made of such a strophe as this from the Saga of Harald Greycloak, here faithfully enough translated, too?

> "Surely from henceforth should I,
> Speeder of skates of isle-mead,
> Find setting fair to me-ward
> Thy breeze of giant maidens.
> Since now we needs must hand thee,
> Chooser of hawk-land's jewels,
> That very lair of the ling-worm
> Which long time was my father's."

The notes at the back of the book explain that "speeder of skates of isle-mead" means "a sea-farer, a sea-king, here King Harald himself"; that "breeze of giant-maidens" means "mind"; that "hawk-land's jewel" means "gold"; and that "lair of the ling-worm" is "gold-ring." Eywind, the scald who sang it, according to the Saga was compelled by Harald to redeem himself from disfavor with a famous gold ring which he owned. He says: "Henceforth, O King, I should have thy favor, since now, Chooser of Gold, I must give thee the ring that was an heirloom from my father." In another verse, "foe of the flame-flash of the yew-seat" means "an open-handed person"; "gladdener of the sparrow of the shield-swarf" (whatever that may be) is "a warrior"; "war-sword's isthmus" is "a shield"; "rooks'-beer" is "blood." There is no use, however, in multiplying instances. Some of these figures are picturesque and vigorous. "Spear-gale" and "helm-storm," for instance, mean "battle"; "flight-shy" and "war-glad" have a true Homeric ring.

On the whole, it cannot be conceded that the rendition of the strophes is a success here any more than elsewhere, and perhaps it is a physical impossibility to make it so. The least successful of them, nevertheless, are better than the meaningless jingles of Laing's version. All are intelligible with a use of the notes. Inaccuracy is not their fault, nor the prevailing fault of any of these translations. They, and the prose as well, suffer as a whole from a too painstaking literalness which goes persistently forward, no matter what its material. Some passages of the present book owe their particular charm to their absolute fidelity of rendition; others, however, have been hopelessly marred by the self-same cause.

Considering as a separate version the recent reprint of Laing's translation, which originally appeared fifty years ago, this is the third time Snorri's work has been given to us in English. The present translation is noteworthy, wholly apart from other considerations, in that it is the first English version directly from the original Icelandic, Laing's having been made at second hand from Danish. With all its idiosyncrasies of diction (and they are, after all, but that), this is a distinct gain in fidelity to the original text, and after the dialect has been mastered the value of the 'Heimskringla' as history, and the charm of its telling, appeal to one with renewed force. From either point of view, there is nothing at all comparable to it in matter and manner in the early literature of any of the kindred nations. Chronicles there are in plenty, but this, subsequent to the mythical Ynglinga Saga at the beginning of the work, is real history written with precision and a rare degree of feeling and finish.

As a storehouse of historical and literary material the value of the 'Heimskringla' has been recognized chiefly, as is natural, in the north itself, where it has played an important part in the Scandinavian revival from its beginning in the early years of the present century. The first important work of the national movement in literature in point of fact owed its inspiration directly to Snorri's history. The Danish poet Oehlenschläger in Germany during the winter of 1805 had accidentally happened, in the library of the University of Halle, upon a copy of the half-forgotten classic, and, fired with enthusiasm, wrote then and there the tragedy of "Hakon Jarl," still considered one of the masterpieces of Danish literature. The movement thus begun with this and other works whose material was taken from the early history and legends of the north, has since struck firm root in other soil than that of Scandinavia. English literature, both in England and America, has numerous instances to show of its influence. A familiar one is the "Saga of King Olaf," picturesquely told by Longfellow in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," whose source, again, is this very book.

Apart, however, from questions of the utility of the material, this old work for itself is most interesting reading, with the possible exception of some of its earliest part, which is little more than a chronicle of battle and murder and sudden death, without any of the details that make even such sanguinary history entertaining. None of it is quite the record of "knights and ladies' gentle deeds," but, in spite of its violence, as soon as he is able to obtain good and sufficient data, Snorri makes his Sagas read like an historical novel, only without the exaggerated phraseology and melodramatic action characteristic of that class of works. It is impossible to reconstruct such a period in a novel. Inevitably it turns out to be, to a greater or less extent, but modern thought masquerading in ancient costume. Sagas like those of Hakon the Good and Olaf Tryggvason, on the other hand, are genuine *Culturgeschichte*, except that altogether they are an actual unity, rather than a mosaic of no matter how carefully correlated pieces.

The new 'Heimskringla' is a work of no mean importance in its particular field. Laing's version has been, for half a century, one of the principal English sources for a knowledge of the Sagas. There was, however, no good reason for its recent reprint without revision. Already this must look to be superseded by the present translation, which will much more than fill its place.

MORE FICTION.

The Recipe for Diamonds. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. D. Appleton & Co.

The Two-Legged Wolf. By N. N. Karazin. Translated from the Russian by Boris Lanin. Rand, McNally & Co.

Poushkin's Prose Tales. Translated from the Russian by T. Keane. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.

A Daughter of To-day. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). D. Appleton & Co.

Pastime Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page. Harper & Brothers.

The Robb's Island Wreck, and Other Stories. By Lynn R. Meekins. Chicago and Cambridge: Stone & Kimball.

WHOEVER is tempted to follow 'The Recipe for Diamonds' will find himself tasting a variety of adventure, from Norway shooting to Mediterranean fortune-hunting. Chance discovers an old Spanish MS. in Genoa which gives the clue to the hiding-place of a recipe for diamonds. The ignorant provincial schoolmaster whose haphazard purchase it was, enters into reluctant partnership with an adventurer whose scholarly attainments enabled him to decipher the MS., and they agree to start the next day for Minorca—one of the islands of the Balearic Archipelago—where the recipe is said to be hidden in a prehistoric monument together with a pot of the manufactured gems by way of proof. But the schoolmaster plays a scurvy trick on his impecunious partner by stealing off alone at a wickedly early hour. His deserted companion, burning with revenge, finds another partner—this time "a gentleman"—in a gambling hell, and, without waiting for such formalities as the payment of harbor dues, they slip out in a crazy, half-dismantled boat, and race madly across the Mediterranean, determined to reach Port Mahon in advance of the cautious steamer from the peninsula. The cutter proves equal to the emergency, and, the rascally schoolmaster being circumvented, the argonauts rush to the hoary depository, only to find that an unsuspected element has entered into and upset their calculations. The recipe is obliterated. It seems that a shrewd, marvellously endowed blind Jew, overhearing the project in the Genoese restaurant, has stolen a march and secured the recipe, with the aid of a kodak and calcium light. Revenge now has a double spur, and another mad race ensues to capture the photographic plate, with the island of Majorca for the field of action.

The narrative has plenty of dash and go—so much, indeed, that accuracy is left far behind. The geographical misplacings and misspellings might be attributed to caprice rather than carelessness were not the author's hazardous linguistic ventures scattered all through the book. He deplores English perversity in calling Mallorca Majorca, but himself uses the English name of the smaller island, and inconsistently anglicises the name of an historic figure who was born, not at "Miramas" (Miramar), but at Palma. Those who have visited the islands will suspect that the local coloring was not derived from personal observation, although mistakes are easily made in a hasty tour; but a discrepancy of six centuries in the date of the building of the convent wall of Valldemosa is rather wide. These are trifling matters, however, compared with the vulgarity of tone which mars the whole story, and the apparent assumption that a man may shirk the payment of his just debts, keep disreputable company, and still be a gentleman provided he maintains a lofty scorn of his surroundings and possesses certain accomplishments.

Sequels to successful novels are, as a rule, unsatisfactory. Karazin's 'Two-Legged Wolf' is a sequel to an untranslated romance, 'Among the Reeds,' which may serve to account for the very mild character of the interest, so far as the slender thread of plot and story is concerned. The author is not a powerful writer, and his chief merit lies in a fairly vivid description of the landscape and people of the steppes of western Asia, which form his favorite theme. The 'Two-Legged Wolf' is a Turkoman, Atam-Kul by name, who has served under the Russians and risen to the rank of officer, after having slain his brother in order to appropriate the whole of their father's estate. At the time the story opens, he has deserted from the Russians, and is the bandit leader of roving Turkomans who are obstructing the

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march of the former to Khiva. In the Russian camp there is but one woman, Natalia, with her son, the child of an officer who figured in the tale to which this is a sequel, and who has deserted her, omitting marriage because of her inferior birth. Natalia and her son are the pets of the Russian force, to whom Natalia is supposed to serve as nurse when necessary. Officers and men vie with each other in securing for them every comfort and even luxury. Atam-Kul has seen Natalia and wishes to make her his wife. Naturally, she recoils from the savage Turkoman, and he plots to steal her. The romance consists of a description of the advance of the Russians on Khiva, their sufferings, Atam-Kul's wily entrance to the camp, his theft of the little boy, Natalia's flight to him in order to save her child's life, the agony of despair on the part of a lame Cossack officer who is deeply in love with her, her eventual rescue, rejection of her betrayer of former days, wedding with the lame Cossack, and peaceful, happy life thereafter. The author always illustrates his own books, and therefore they can be said to be truly illustrated. It must be confessed, however, that his strong point does not lie so much in writing and illustrating novels as in making designs for table porcelain, in which line he is famous. The occasional specimens of his art in this direction, which are to be seen at one of our great shops, will be likely to commend him to our public far more than his literary efforts, though they afford but an inadequate idea of his talents as displayed on a large scale. The translation is admirably done, and occasional notes help to a right understanding of the allusions.

Alexander Pushkin's services to the Russian language in general, and in the matter of poetry in particular, have been widely and adequately recognized, but this very appreciation on one point has, apparently, cast a shadow on his equally great services to the language in the direction of prose. Before his day the only Russian romances which had the slightest tinge of modernity in either language or style were, practically, the historian Karamzin's sweetish sentimental little stories, which are now interesting solely as examples in the progress of literature, and are hopelessly antiquated in feeling, form, and scope. Pushkin's short stories really offer the foundation on which the giants of Russian literature, who rose in the generation that succeeded him, built their splendid structures. It is astonishing how fresh and interesting, how true to modern life and national feeling, are these stories written in the first third of the present century; especially when we take into consideration the fact that Pushkin himself was the person who did more than any one man to make the Russian language what it is to-day, a flexible, beautiful, all-sufficient medium for the expression of every delicate shade of thought. Lomonosoff, who began the reformation of the unwieldy ancient tongue into a literary language in the middle of the last century, exists to-day chiefly as a name, and his pompous, tedious style long ago ceased to have any influence. On the contrary, Pushkin remains a living force in the education of every writer in the land, and will remain so as long as Russian authors use their pens or Russian laymen speak. It is true that Gogol is the father of all the modern realistic romances in Russian, which have opened up a new perspective to the world, and that Gogol's style is as unlike that of Pushkin, his contemporary, as possible. Nevertheless, no one can read these stories without feeling that the kinship between Pushkin and Turgeneff is very close indeed. Pushkin lacks Turgeneff's amazing power of condensation, both of sentiment and of facts, which forces the reader to dilute the sentiment and supply volumes between the facts, while he peruses, over and over again, the exquisite phrases which fascinate him like many-faceted jewels. But his touch is sure, his observation is fairly acute, his language melodious and beautiful in the extreme, as it is in his inimitable poetry, while his architecture, so to speak, is compact and perfect, as Turgeneff's was after him.

The nine stories contained in this volume have been beautifully and sympathetically rendered into English; the paper, binding, and typography are a treat to the eye, and all that could be desired, with the exception of one or two words, accidentally omitted. All, or nearly all, of them have been translated previously, and the longest, "The Captain's Daughter," must be tolerably familiar to the public. Still, this complete collection can be heartily recommended to those whose taste for the delicately humorous and the typically Russian have not been spoiled by more highly spiced mental food.

It is to be regretted that, after so much brilliant touching off of artistic and literary Bohemia on both sides of the Channel, Mrs. Cotes should herself have fallen into the toils of conventionality, and wound up her clever study of *décadent* tendencies according to the exigencies of a Mudie three-volume favorite. To leave a final impression that her fresh, original, and really delightful heroine has been after all merely a lay figure, from whom the trappings are stripped with almost vindictive exposure, is a wasteful and ridiculous excess of consideration for the requirements of a novel as understood by literary Philistia. If all egotists of one-and-twenty were disposed of with high-handed justice, gray heads, it is to be feared, would be few. Yet justice unseasoned by mercy is what is dealt to the pretty and fetching correspondent of the *Illustrated Age*, not only by her author in person, but by her girl lover and man friend as well. In a sense, however, she is avenged, for Janet and Kendal illustrate aptly enough Elfrida's *fin-de siècle* tenet of the vulgarizing influence of all matrimonial engagements.

It was a clever thought to place this heroine's beginnings in Sparta, Ill. Otherwise her detachment from traditions, the filial included, and from all save self-made prejudices could not have been so logically accounted for. Only the scion of an unsaturated race could have absorbed atmospheres, in the Quartier Latin or the journalistic purlieus of Fleet Street, with Elfrida Bell's untroubled impartiality. That she should have been able to present her sublime crudities in an accent and form captivating to ears polite in a Kensington drawing-room, is not among the items one mentally labels conceivable, yet is convincing enough as one reads. There and elsewhere she is made the mouthpiece of a great deal of amusing and up-to-date comment on art and morals. Technically, she might be called a "Jeune." It is not until one begins to scent the fact that she is a "leading idea," and not, after all, a flesh-and-blood freak of Sparta and the nineteenth century, that one ceases to overlook the element of the grotesque in her fascinating personality. In any case, a brighter bit of fiction than this which she infuses with sprightliness is seldom to be met with.

There seems to be no reason in art or nature why Mr. Page's three-and-twenty stories, chiefly in his well-known Southern-negro vein, should not run on into a thousand and one. They are composed out of no rarer stuff than such episodes and anecdotes as almost any man's experience might supply; and any man noting the easy, natural, off-hand manner of their telling might be pardoned for fancying he could do as well himself if he tried. He has but to try, however, to realize that their apparent simplicity is the happy outcome of those indefinable and complex gifts — the eye for effect, the sense of climax, the love of narration — which taken all together make the story-teller's temperament, and without which the would-be spinner of yarns is a bore. These pages seem to talk as they go, and one can almost hear the mellow laugh that might fitly accompany them. They compose a capital volume to kill time withal. Genial, humorous, suggestive of nothing beyond the moment, they offer just the cheer that a mind may grow sleek and fat and — herein lies their flaw in the end — "effete" upon. One looks in vain along their unvarying level for an appeal now and then to the higher intellectual, moral, or æsthetic instincts. Their style is much as chance and American idiom have made it, and the atmosphere of Bœotia is over the scenes through which their amiable and occasionally pathetic figures move.

Four out of Mr. Lynn R. Meekins's eight stories compose a connected series that might fitly be entitled 'Plain Tales from a Country Constituency.' Not until, in the last of them, David Gad steps from the shrievalty to the office of clerk of the court is their conclusion properly reached, and then even the reader who has followed his shrewdly, though honestly, pushed political fortunes so far would not be averse to seeing him take the next rung of the ladder. The unmasking by the way of some of the methods of "bosses," and of the "court-house crowd," contributes to the interest of his history. "Two Booms," which does not belong in the sequence, is a sketch of much vigor and directness of aim. The transformation of Mr. Hoddle, grocer, into Col. Hoddle, the magnate, and his outwitting by J. Maximilian Ross, railroad agent incognito, are told in the vernacular that fits the theme, but with a humorous sense of the situation that relieves the story from vulgarity. The title story is a readable episode of the heroism of the surfmen belonging to an isolated life-saving station. The remaining two are so slight as to call for no special mention, though they reflect no discredit on the company in which they are found.

History of England and the British Empire from B. C. 55 to A. D. 1890. By Edgar Sanderson, M. A. Frederick Warne & Co. 1894. 8vo, pp. 1,098.

THIS work reminds us, and clearly was meant to remind us, of the early editions of Green's 'Short History of the English People.' It is, in many respects, "Green" enlarged. It begins earlier and comes down later; that work contained something over 800 pages, this has 1,100 wider pages; the "Contents" of this is an amplification of the "Chronological Annals"; here are similar genealogical tables, and maps, but more of them. With the material likeness, however, the resemblance ends. Mr. Sanderson has produced a creditable text-book, but not a piece of literature; he has read the sources and weighed the authorities, and his opinions are legitimately come by, but the readily kindling imagination that made the past present to Mr. Green, and caused him to write of Alfred and William as of personal acquaintances, is lacking; the interest here is

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the unfailing interest of the long drama of English history—dull indeed must be the book that dims it.

The author has rightly judged that many people are most easily and deeply interested in past conditions when these are brought home to them by the presentation of individual experiences in minute detail. The method is exemplified in the full extracts that he has made from the household roll or account-book of Bishop Swinfield, for 1289-90. It is, indeed, the personal, individual element that first attracts; in this lies the power and value of historical fiction. To study the great charter is well, is indispensable, but if we wished to interest a difficult class, we should turn first to Domesday. What an attractive and valuable introduction to the study of mediæval civilization might be made from the 'Polyptyque' of Abbé Irminon! Too much detail, of course, wearies and disgusts no less than over-generalization, but, judiciously used, it is the chief aid of the teacher of history.

Mr. Sanderson is free from over-fondness either for military affairs or the gossip of courts; he treats of the growth of British empire in the broader sense, the sense in which the better class of English statesmen have undoubtedly striven to extend English influence, and the tone of his book is consonant with the dignity of the theme, impartial without abnegation of opinion, liberal, and rather unusually free from provincialism where foreign relations and the affairs of other nations are concerned. All sides of the national life are touched upon, but the political and social development is more satisfactorily handled than the literary and intellectual, especially in the later periods, where these last sections are apt to dwindle into little more than lists of names. It is apparently inevitable that handbooks should lose any heat or color of narrative they may possess as the contemporary period is approached, and though Mr. Sanderson brings the story down to 1890 (and the ten years of English history from 1880 to 1890 were not uneventful), it rapidly declines in interest after the repeal of the Corn Laws.

It may be pointed out that the author is wrong in assigning the "farthest north" to Markham, in 1876 (p. 984). Markham reached 83° 20′ 26″. Lockwood and Brainard in 1882 reached 83° 23′ 8″. It is quite true, as stated on the same page, that McClure discovered the northwest passage; but if the fact had been mentioned that the passage from sea to sea was made by sledge, no discredit would have been imputed to that able commander. No American will grudge an English historian a quarter of a page out of such a total for the victory of the *Shannon*, but an allusion, at least, to that of the *Bonhomme Richard* might not unreasonably be expected. The reference to Waldseemueller (p. 369) is incorrect, as that cosmographer did himself suggest the name "America." "Modern research," says Mr. Sanderson, "has proved [Sir John de Mandeville's] accuracy in describing what he saw himself" (p. 368). Modern research might possibly have done this much for a once brilliant reputation could it have pointed out one place or one event that "Sir John" had probably seen himself. Is it not about time that Mandeville ceased to be quoted in text-books? There is a fairly good index.

One Hundred and Sixty Allied Families. By John Osborne Austin. Providence, R. I.: J. O. Austin. 1894.

SUPPOSE a genealogically-minded father to draw up for his son four charts, exhibiting (a) his own paternal pedigree for six generations, (b) his maternal, (c) his wife's paternal, and (d) her maternal. Then let him devote a section to each of the (160) families thus displayed, showing the relationship as fully as possible, and, in the case of leading individuals of the group, building up a biographical sketch from historical data, itemized chronologically. This is what Mr. Austin has done, with the caution, accuracy, and antiquarian knowledge which his 'Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island' and 'Ancestry of Thirty-three Rhode Islanders' exhibited so remarkably. The result is such a comprehensive survey as Mr. Waters attains by massing the wills of the family connection (Washington, Harvard, Pynchon) he is at work upon; and the value of it is of course not confined to the laborious compiler and his immediate posterity.

Mr. Austin's field is still largely, if not principally, Rhode Island, but by virtue of a Quaker strain he has much to do with Nantucket, as the names of Coffin, Gardner, Hussey, Macy, and Starbuck on his father's side clearly evince; indeed, five of the original nine purchasers of the island figure in his list, as well as five of the original purchasers of Providence from Roger Williams. Baptists and Quakers are in the denominational majority, with a primitive affinity indicated by the rubric "Whipped, imprisoned, fined, etc., in Massachusetts for Quakerism, Baptist belief, and other 'abominable heresies,' etc.," under which sixteen names are enumerated. The south shore of Massachusetts Bay is represented by four *Mayflower* passengers, among others. The most famous colonial personage is Samuel Gorton, who, if he contrived to make himself somewhat uncomfortable to the Puritans of the Bay as well as to his Providence associates, in the end turned out not half a bad citizen. The main incidents in his life are freely chronicled, as are also those of the scarcely less well-known Stephen Bachelder of Hampton, N. H., Mr. Austin's ancestor (like the poet Whittier's), through his daughter, who married Christopher Hussey. Still another Puritan victim on the list is the Baptist William Witter of Lynn, at whose house service was held in 1651 by John Clarke, Obadiah Holmes, and John Crandall, journeying from Newport for that purpose, as Witter was too old to travel; which cost Holmes a fine, imprisonment, and flogging—to the great distress of Puritan apologists ever since.

It will be seen that one may get from these biographies, with their abstracts of wills and inventories, court and church records, and traditions, many interesting glimpses of early New England life and society. As for genealogical research, Mr. Austin has facilitated the use of this volume in every way short of a *prenominal* index, which would have been costly, and a running headline to tell us which one of the 160 families is under consideration. His portrait, which serves as frontispiece, will inspire confidence in a manifestly cool head, controlled by level judgment and a love of truth. These biographic memoranda are laudably free from concealment of human failings and conflicts.

The Five Zoroastrian Gâthâs, with the Zend, Pahlavi, Sanskrit, and Persian Texts. With translations. By Lawrence H. Mills, D.D., Hon. M.A., Oxon. Leipzig and Oxford. Large 8vo, pp. xxx, 622. 1894.

DIFFERENT parts of this book upon the Gâthâs appeared some years ago, but its publication was interrupted by that of the thirty-first volume of the 'Sacred Books of the East,' in which the author translated the entire 'Yasna' (which contains the Gâthâs), together with the Visparad, Afrinagan, and Gâh of the 'Avesta' (1887). This present work, which is the result of extraordinary labor of a very varied character, and the 'Sacred Books of the East' are complementary to each other, and greatly advance our knowledge of the subject. In Dr. Mills's well justified opinion, the Gâthâs of Zoroaster are among the most important monuments of the early life of mankind. They have long been recognized as the genuine productions of a sage who lived in Iran at a very early period, which, like the date of Homer, can never be precisely determined, but which, we may safely conclude, was earlier than the dynasty of the Achemenids; and they are as interesting as they are ancient, for we can trace in them some of the most refined and sublime conceptions as to the nature of the Deity and his accompanying spirits (the so-called Amshaspands), no compositions of equally early date surpassing or perhaps approaching them in analogous delineations. Whereas in the sister-lore of the 'Rig Veda' we have gods who are for the most part the deification of the forces of material nature represented under grossly anthropomorphic images, in the Gâthâs we have spiritual and intellectual attributes supposed to be the characteristics of the highest universal divinity represented, and these attributes are even addressed as separate personal beings, while their names possess the highest moral meaning. They are appealed to and besought to come and be embodied in the politico-religious life of the people.

These ancient hymns are also at the same time expressions of personal feeling on the part of Zarathushtra and his few royal colleagues, who were carrying on a struggle with the idolaters or adherents of the old Aryan heathenism reigning in the Indian hymns of the Vedas. In this earnest effort on the part of a small group of leading chieftains much personal feeling is disclosed, and it is this feature which induces our author and many other critics to accept these hymns as the genuine production of an historical person. They are, however, as difficult as they are celebrated, and the folly of depending on etymology alone for their elucidation is strikingly shown by the fact that the ancient light-gods of the Vedas, the Devas, become the Daevas or evil demons of the 'Avesta.' How could etymology help here? So great have been these difficulties that renderings have often been advanced and then shortly withdrawn by the same writers.

In view of the obscurities encountered in these investigations, Dr. Mills, who is acquainted with the 'Veda' as well as with the 'Avesta,' remarks that while the so-called tradition contained in the Pahlavi translation must be used with caution, it is absolutely necessary to consult it, and neglect of it is fatal to all claims to thorough scholarship. He also asserts that traces of the original meaning of the Gâthâs which it contains may often be found buried amidst a mass of otherwise erroneous traditional comments, and in fact that these traces are often of most value where the comments themselves, regarded as actual attempts at literal and grammatical reproduction, are most faulty. For example, in 'Yasna' 43, 8, the word which now stands in the Zend character as *ufyâ* must once have confronted the translator in the Pahlavi character, for it is translated as if it were misread *napesh*, the two words being spelt in the extremely difficult Pahlavi language with precisely the same cha-

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racters. A similar case presents itself in the case of *Vahishtâ*, in 'Yasna' 43, 15; it once stood in Pahlavi characters, for it is translated as if it were *Vakhsht â*, both words, again, being spelt alike in Pahlavi. These suggestions have a very wide bearing, and may have very important results on our future restoration of texts, for many of the grammatical forms of the Zend can be shown to be much more regular than they now appear after their proper spelling has been restored by the same line of reasoning which our author has pursued in the cases indicated. That is to say, we must regard the Zend letters as sometimes still representing more than one sound—a constant peculiarity of theirs in their earlier applications and while they were still solely Pahlavi letters and had not yet assumed their more definite and finished character, as letters of an alphabet specially constructed for the preservation of the letters of the 'Avesta.'

Hence the importance of thoroughly mastering the Pahlavi commentaries, which are also now increasingly prized as an indispensable help by all Avesta scholars, and especially so by the scholars of a large and important school. Dr. Mills has therefore rendered a most important service in giving us, besides the original text and its translation in Latin and English, the Pahlavi translation in both text and translation—a work which they alone can appreciate who have themselves struggled with its difficulties. The author has added the Sanskrit translation of 'Neryosangh,' and this translation is itself translated in the light of the Pahlavi, seeing that it can be correctly read only in this manner, as the Pahlavi rather than the Gâthâ itself was its original. There follows a translation in Parsee-Persian. The extensive additions to our stock of new manuscripts lately received from the East by the author in Oxford are described in the preface, and an exact commentary contains a comprehensive and moderate criticism of former works on the subject. Scholars will no longer have an excuse for neglecting the Pahlavi commentaries or other subsidiary lights in the study of Zoroastrian science.

London Signs and Inscriptions. By Philip Norman. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

UNLIKE most other cities, London is continually spreading to all points of the compass. There is no physical or other impediment to its growth in any given direction, and after a few years' absence the returning Londoner finds an equal number of new houses in place of green fields all round the vast circle. But while this constant change is going on at the outskirts, the central region, and especially that part of it technically known as the City, is very slowly altered. Indeed, many of its alleys and buildings would still be recognizable by one who had lived in the days of Sir Christopher Wren. This was certainly the case a few years ago, but the so-called march of improvement and the new streets projected by the County Council threaten destruction to many of the old landmarks. It is fortunate, therefore, that Mr. Norman has collected the mass of interesting facts contained in this volume while it was still possible to do so. Many venerable signs are preserved in the Guildhall Museum; but others are still in their original positions on old buildings and street corners, and are likely to disappear through accident or carelessness, as has happened in too many cases already. On the other hand, while much has been lost, some valuable finds have also been made in recent years. In London, as in Rome, there has been a long accumulation of débris, and, as a result, the present town is raised many feet above the level of Roman London; and in digging the deep foundations of modern buildings many signs and other relics have come to light—for that this custom of street signs is as old as the Romans is shown by discoveries at Pompeii and elsewhere.

According to Mr. Norman, it was after the great fire of 1666 that sculptured house and street signs were generally adopted in London. They had long been used in Holland, and, apart from their artistic merit, were no doubt a great convenience, inasmuch as the modern system of numbering streets did not come into vogue till the following century. How interesting these signs are, how intimately associated with the history and literature of the country, will appear from a few examples.

Of all the celebrated taverns of London none has a fairer title to celebrity than the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. It is referred to as a well-known place of entertainment in a lease still extant dated 1537, and it was doubtless frequented by Shakspere and his friends. It was destroyed in the great fire, rebuilt on the same spot, and finally removed to make room for the approaches to the present London Bridge. Its sign was discovered in 1834, on the removal of Whitechapel Mount, an elevated piece of ground, supposed by some authorities to have been composed of rubbish from the fire, and by others to have been used as a burial-place for the victims of the Plague. The inscription on the sign reads as follows: "William Brooke Landlord of the Bores Hedde Estchepe. 1566."

Another famous inn was the Bull, frequented by old Hobson, of "Hobson's choice," the Cambridge carrier of Milton's day. When the old house was destroyed in 1866, a sculptured sign dated 1642 was rescued. In the Guildhall Museum the American traveller will view with interest, not unmixed with astonishment and a sense of ownership, the sign of the Spread Eagle, which, though dated 1669, is supposed to have marked the house in Bread Street in which Milton was born, and in which his father carried on the business of scrivener. A document in the British Museum, dated 1602, refers to "the new shop of John Milton, scrivener, at the Spread Eagle in Bread Street." The sign of the Dog and Duck, dated 1716, is now embedded in the wall of Bethlehem Hospital. This inn was in St. George's Fields, where were many ducking-ponds frequented by sporting cockneys. Later on, a mineral spring was discovered, the water of which was recommended by Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, and the Dog and Duck became a fashionable resort. But this spring, like Sadler's Wells and other London spas, has long since disappeared.

Of these signs, and of many others, Mr. Norman gives excellent illustrations, as also of some curious old houses which have recently been torn down. He has accumulated a remarkable fund of information, and, in spite of a tendency to prolixity and repetition, he has produced a very readable book, and deserves the thanks of all who are interested in such subjects.

Among the Moors. By G. Montbard. London: Low; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

WE congratulate Mr. Montbard on having spent six pleasant weeks in Morocco. He saw curious people and things, had a number of interesting if commonplace experiences, and enjoyed the society of congenial companions with whom he could indulge in harmless witticisms. We do not congratulate either him or his publisher on having inflicted on us a useless book five years later. It could have but one reason. We should be unfair in supposing that it was meant to be of profit to us, as it makes no pretence of telling anything new or worth remembering. Its object must be to amuse, and Morocco is strange enough to most people and picturesque enough in itself to make the task not too difficult for moderate talent. What is more, the author shows in more than one single descriptive passage that if he had had judicious advice to correct the faults of his own taste, he would have given us a volume with which to while away agreeably a leisure hour, either heightening our imagination or reviving our memories of the East. Instead, what has he done? He has foisted on us what seems to be a diary furbished up for the occasion—nearly three hundred pages written in the present tense till it becomes utterly wearisome, mixing up narration and description in a way to destroy all interest in either, and to make the reader only long to get through. He has introduced a certain amount of trivial incident, and a large quantity of the silliest attempts at wit that it has been our misfortune to read for a long time. If any one doubts this statement, let him see in the index how many references there are to each of the other members of the party, remembering that nearly every reference indicates a would-be joke; or let him read "A Month After" and the epilogue as specimens of Mr. Montbard's style when he wishes to be humorous. After this it is hardly worth while to cavil at minor defects, like the inflated nonsense of the preface, the use of such words as "vomer" or "appetences" which the ordinary reader will have to look up in the dictionary, or the English of such expressions as "with Forestier and I," or "With precocious perversity in order to amuse they exert themselves unto belabouring." Finally, even if we turn for relief to the numerous illustrations, we are soon forced to the conclusion that too often their chief merit is that they occupy the room of so much text.

Alaskan Grammar and Vocabulary. By Augustus Schultze, D.D. Bethlehem, Pa.: Moravian Publication Office. 1894. 8vo, 70 pp.

THIS is an enlarged and improved edition of a grammar and vocabulary of the Eskimo language of the Kuskoquim district of north-western Alaska, compiled by the Rev. Augustus Schultze, in 1889. The material has been obtained chiefly through the Moravian missionaries of Bethel, on the Kuskoquim River, and some of their pupils. The author has for the most part availed himself of existing grammars of the Labrador dialect for comparison, and, while disclaiming completeness or perfection for his work, not having had personal opportunities in Alaska, hopes that this pioneer attempt may facilitate and shorten the labor of those whose duties as missionaries or as teachers oblige them to acquire a knowledge of the native tongue. For philological purposes, it is to be regretted that Dr. Schultze did not adopt for his transliterations the standard alphabet so generally in use for recording American dialects; but, this reservation made, his little work may be welcomed as beginning the systematic study of the Northern dialects of Alaska, which have for a long time been known only by more or less imperfect vocabularies. The Kuskoquim dialect appears to be rather specialized in the formation of its

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words compared with the series of tongues spoken by the Eskimos north of the Yukon; early writers erroneously attributed to it a hybrid vocabulary of both Indian (Tinné) and Innuit origin. The present work shows, however, that the only exotic words included in it are names of objects which have come to be known through contact between the natives and Russians or other civilized visitors and traders. The most prominent characteristics of this dialect appear to be the prevalence of guttural *g*-sounds, and the use of *sh*, where, in the more northern tribes, we find a clear-cut *k* or sibilant *s* in the analogous words. The vocabulary includes about 1,000 verbal forms.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abreast of the Times: Sermons on Social Subjects. James Pott & Co. $1.25.
Alberg, A. Sophos. Chicago: Bow-Knot Publishing Co.
Brearley, W. H. Wanted, A Copyist. Cassell. 50 cents.
Christianity Practically Applied. International Christian Conference. 2 vols. Baker & Taylor Co. Each $2.
Church, S. H. Oliver Cromwell: A History. Putnams. $3.
Crane, Lauren E. Newton Booth of California: His Speeches and Addresses. Putnams. $2.50.
Deussin, Prof. P. Elements of Metaphysics. Macmillan. $1.50.
Discipleship: The Scheme of Christianity. London: Williams & Norgate; New York: Putnams. $1.
Egleston, Prof. T. The Life of John Paterson, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. Putnams. $2.50.
Farr, Florence. The Dancing Faun. London: Mathews & Lane; Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Fitzgerald, P. The Operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Gomme, Alice B. Children's Singing Games. London: David Nutt; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Goodwin, Prof. W. W., and White, Prof. J. W. The First Four Books of Xenophon's Anabasis. Revised ed. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.65.
Hamilton, Dr. A. McL., and Godkin, L. System of Legal Medicine. Vol. I. E. B. Treat.
Heim, Flora. Between Two Forces. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Kennedy, A. C. Erotica. London: Gay & Bird.
Leroy-Beaulieu, A. The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians. Part II. The Institutions. Putnams. $3.
Lombard, L. Observations of a Musician. 2d ed. Utica, N. Y.: The Author.
Moorehouse, Rev. J. Church Work: Its Means and Methods. Macmillan. $1.25.
My Paris Note-Book. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Nisbet, John. Studies in Forestry. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Niswonger, C. E. The Isle of Feminine. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Pascoe, C. E. London of To-Day. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.; Boston: Roberts Bros.
Pease, Prof. T. C. The Christian Ministry: Its Present Claim and Attention. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Ryan, Marah E. A Flower of France: A Story of Old Louisiana. Rand, McNally & Co.
Sabatier, P. Life of St. Francis of Assisi. Scribners. $2.50.
Sargent, C. S. The Silva of North America. Vol. VI. Ebenaceæ—Polygonaceæ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Southworth, Mrs. E. D. E. N. The Fatal Secret. G. W. Dillingham.
Steel, Flora A. The Potter's Thumb. Harpers.
Stephens, Mrs. Ann S. The Curse of Gold. G. W. Dillingham.
Thayer, Prof. J. B. Cases on Constitutional Law. Part 2. Cambridge, Mass.: Charles W. Sever.
Weyman, S. J. The Man in Black. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Wheelbarrow: Articles and Discussions on the Labor Question. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. $1.
Whitby, Beatrice. Mary Fenwick's Daughter. Appletons. $1.
Wilkinson, Spenser. The Great Alternative: A Plea for a National Policy. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Wodzinski, Comte. Pour un Faux. Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Chas. Eitel.
World's Congress of Representative Women. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.; New York: J. A. Hill & Co.

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